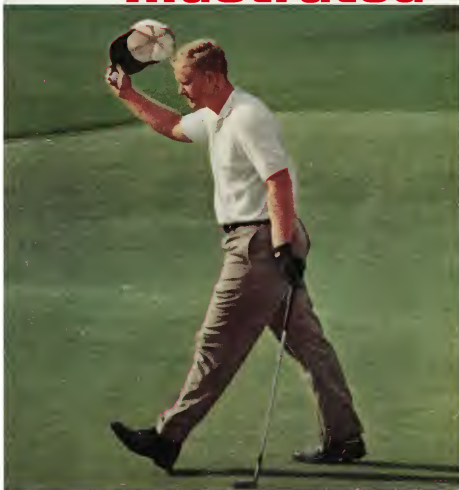


THE OPEN: HOW NICKLAUS BEAT PALMER

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 25, 1962 25 CENTS





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## Next week

MICKY MANTLE, an indispensable part of the Yankee machine, has returned to action. Walter Bingham reports on the slugger and his effect on the American League race.

THE SECRET WONDERS of the State of Washington are divulged in text and photographs by a native who not only knows them well but who is willing to share them—Dotty Connelly.

A COLORFUL LOOK at the surprising things that are happening to playgrounds, where the swing and the slide and the sandbox are giving way to the era of space and challenge.



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# SCORECARD

## CAMOUFLAGE NEVERMORE

Since World War II the American automobile industry has looked on racing as alluring but loaded with danger—alluring because it conferred glamour on a company's ordinary passenger cars, risky because some Congressmen loudly (and, in our opinion, fallaciously) declared it incompatible with highway safety. Before 1957, a number of automakers openly, albeit nervously, supported stock car racing teams. But that year, fearful of Congress, the manufacturers jointly withdrew from overt speed competition. To dabble in racing under heavy camouflage, however, was irresistible. Last week Henry Ford II struck a welcome blow at undercover racing by declaring the Ford Motor Company out of the 1957 pact, which he said no longer had either purpose or effect. He pointed to a general industry record of more, rather than less, emphasis on "speed, horsepower and racing," and said he felt his company could better establish its "own standards of conduct." Mighty General Motors stood pat. ("Ford's crazy to start this thing again," said one GM man.) Chrysler, smallest of the Big Three, followed Ford out.

The Ford decision was widely judged as meaning that the big Dearborn firm would now launch a bold new racing program. Ford himself said, "We like to have our cars win races." But he said nothing else really specific and may by no means have a racing commitment in mind at this time.

Insiders know that John Holman and Ralph Moody, operating from Charlotte, N.C., have long constituted an unofficial Ford racing team. They build and manage stock cars, one of which recently won the important Atlanta "500." Aggressive, successful Pontiac has an arrangement with Indiana Mechanic-BUILDER Ray Nichols, Chevy with the former Indianapolis "500" winner Jim Rathmann, Plymouth with Drivers Lee and Dick Petty.

John Holman, who bossed no fewer than eight "factory" Fords per race in the hectic prepact days, said he foresaw

no return to the mass-entry era. He believes that "two strong cars" are sufficient for a given race.

As it happens, Holman and Moody were already building a sports-touring Ford even before Mr. Ford spoke out. It is called the Challenger III and is based on the Falcon chassis. It might conceivably take on the world champion Ferrari Grand Touring cars next year at Sebring and Le Mans. We hope it does, with Ford banners flying in the pits for all to see.

## PITCHERS' BATTLE

The Peeewe League baseball game at Artesia, New Mexico was called off the other night after two innings. The adult officials were tired and the 7-year-olds were tired, too. Final score: Pirates 43, Dodgers 22.

## SHREWD PREP FOR KELSO

On July 4, Kelso, generally regarded as the best Thoroughbred in the world, will try to become the second horse in 75 years to win two consecutive runnings of the Suburban Handicap. In order to win, though, Kelso must be fit enough to beat Carry Back.

Three weeks ago the two met in the Metropolitan Handicap. Carry Back beat Kelso by eight big lengths. Many observers thought Kelso, away from racing for seven months, had been in need of a preparatory race before the Metropolitan, where he showed that he did not have his mind on his business.

No fault of Kelso's trainer, 46-year-old Carl Hanford, however. Hanford had sought a prep race for Kelso before the Metropolitan but every time he tried to start his horse, trainers with possible opponents simply refused to race theirs against him.

Last week Hanford, convinced that Kelso needed a prep race before starting in the Suburban, found a way to reverse the situation. Studying the condition book at New York's Belmont Park, he lit on a race for horses which had "not won three races of \$2,925 at a mile or over since Sept. 24." Although Kelso

had won \$425,565 in 1961, he had won only two races at a mile or over since Sept. 24—the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Woodward Stakes, two of racing's premier events. The conditions further stated that if a horse had not won "two races of \$3,575 at a mile or over since Oct. 28" he would have to carry only 117 pounds. This time Hanford waited and let the other trainers enter their horses first. "When we saw Kelso's name," said the New York Racing Association's racing secretary, Tommy Trotter, "we got a huge surprise."

Running with only 117 pounds against feeble opposition, Kelso galloped home and established clearly that he was back in good form. Come July 4 Carry Back had better be ready. This time Kelso is prepped.

## A VOTE FOR BLOOD

By his own account John Douglas Pringle is a typical British intellectual—tall, thin, slightly stooped and a liberal in politics: he is against Suez, flogging, hanging, Sir Roy Welensky and being beastly to homosexuals. But Pringle, poor chap, suffers from one inconsistency, or at least from something his liberal friends consider an inconsistency. He goes in for a bit of blood sports (otter hounds and that sort of thing.)

To answer his critics he resorted to the literary magazine *Encounter*, in which



he suggests that the cruelty involved in hunting and fishing is insignificant when compared with, say, the slaughterhouse. "You can't honestly maintain," he maintains, "that hunting men are normally more cruel than nonhunting men. They may be more stupid but not more cruel." He argues that those who vent their innate cruelty ("we all have some") by hunting are less likely to vent it on human beings.

Pringle admits that "the actual killing—the worry of the fox by the hounds or the gaffing of the salmon—is actually



distasteful," that on the rare occasions he is there for the kill he watches with "fascinated horror" or, hypocritically, looks away. "But the chase—there you have me. When I hear the cry of the hounds or the slightly comic sound of the horn, I can't resist. Adrenalin is pumped into my bloodstream, I feel 10—well, live—years younger, I even forget my hernia and go leaping over the stubble. What's more I actively want the hounds to catch and kill the hare."

To appalled friends who exclaim, "But that's absolutely primitive!" Pringle replies. "I'm afraid I like feeling primitive now and then."

#### ONE FISH'S POISON

A selective poison which kills only the sea lamprey but no other fish (\$1, June 25, 1956) seems to be winning the fight against the lamprey, which destroyed all the trout in Lake Huron, almost all the trout in Lake Michigan and depleted the trout in other lakes. Traps caught 28,981 of the eellike lampreys up to June 1, 1961 but only 3,630 up to June 1, 1962. The oldtime sport of lake trout fishing in the Great Lakes area may now come back.

#### UNCLE JOHN'S WAY

The fellow who hunts the African elephant ordinarily goes on safari complete with white hunter (to peer over his shoulder as he shoots) and a numerous troupe of gun bearers and servants. His rifle will likely be a Weatherby or a double-barreled Holland & Holland. He will tote movie and still cameras and assortments of color and black-and-white film. When he gets home he will write a book about it (illustrated with his own photographs) and have it privately printed for distribution to friends and the local library. "The elephant turned," it will read, "his great ears bellying out from his shoulders . . . I knew this was the moment. . . ." He will have an umbrella stand made of an elephant leg.

A quite different fellow is Uncle John Buhmiller of Kalispell, Montana, who took off the other day for his sixth African expedition since 1955. On his five previous trips to Tanganyika, Uncle John killed 164 elephants. He is 69 years old. His rifle is homemade, but it is one of the very best. For years sharpshooters and hunters have considered barrels made by Uncle John Buhmiller to be among the sport's finest.

His first African trip was the usual safari but Uncle John didn't like being

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## SCORECARD continued

shepherded about, and so, instead of going with the white hunter, he used up his two-elephant permit to help out a farmer who complained that elephants were wrecking his fences and ravaging his crops. Impressed, the Tanganyika game department turned over to Uncle John (that's what they came to call him in Africa as well as in Montana) the job of thinning out a herd of about 12,000 elephants in the area because their game wardens couldn't cope with the task. Now he stays at farmhouses and goes out with a farmhand or two who scramble up trees whenever they sight an elephant. Uncle John just stands there and shoots the elephant (or rhinoceros or buffalo). No one peeks over his shoulder. It's just like hunting back home in Montana.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

- Ultimate ambition of Robert Hayes, Florida A&M junior who tied Villanova Frank Budd's 9.2-second world record for the 100-yard dash, is a pro football career. He will be a regular halfback this fall for A&M. Before turning pro, Hayes hopes to make the 1964 Olympic team.
- Fighting to keep the Athletics in Kansas City, Kansas Senator James Pearson will ask the Senate if moving the team for business reasons would not make baseball a business rather than a sport.

## THE GROWLING LARKS

"*Gardez le yo-yo*" dit l'entraîneur, and the defensive halfback moved two steps to guard against a pass in his zone by a receiver who might dash far forward and then snap back like a yo-yo. Fortunately for the halfback, *le bloqueur* missed his *bludge* and *l'arrière-quat* (the quarterback, you know) was knocked on his *derrière*. So no yo-yo arrived in the territory of the defensive *tertiaire*.

"I've got to learn French," said Perry Moss, who, after a career in American colleges, has been coaching the professional Montreal Alouettes. Last week Moss welcomed American and Canadian football coaches to the Alouettes' third annual football clinic. The clinic is designed in part to interest Montreal's hockey-pivallated Frenchmen in football (Montreal is 80% French) and to persuade U.S. coaches to recruit and develop players for the Alouettes, especially—for box office—players who are native Canadians.

"If you can get Canadians who have

continued



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"And only Schweppes," sums up Commander Whitehead, "tastes so good that you can drink it on the rocks — by itself. It's *cariously* refreshing!"

*\*Mens to checkers experts.* Can you figure out what happened? It's the Commander's move — a little black.





## FROM RACING CHAMPION DR. DICK THOMPSON: **THE LESSON OF 155 MPH!**

He's Dr. Dick Thompson, a lean, crewcut, ex-Dartmouth athlete from Washington, D.C. Last year, he drove to a National Sports Car Championship. Starting late in the racing season, he piloted the familiar white Corvette to five straight firsts in major "point" races. Bridgehampton, Long Island . . . Indianapolis . . . Thompson, Connecticut . . . the Road America 500 . . . finally, the twisting Watkins Glen road course. Week after week, he won the big ones. We asked him how he did it.

**Dick Thompson:** "Anytime you win a race, it's a combination of things working for you. The car. The crew. Maybe even a little luck."

**What about gasoline and oil?** "You bet they're important. Especially oil. With the wrong oil, you may not only lose the race — you can lose the engine, too."

**What makes an oil "right" for racing?** "Many of the same things that make it right on the highway. Mainly, its ability to stand up under high temperatures. At racing speeds, you get temperatures as high as 300° in the crankcase. That's hotter than boiling water. Your oil really has to have stamina to stand up under the pounding of these temperatures and speeds."

**Racing speeds? How high do they go?** "Well, on a long straightaway, like the one at Daytona Beach, Florida, I was getting 155 miles an hour out of the Corvette. Of course, then you're shifting down to 40 around the hairpins. But it's up at 155 miles an hour where you learn whether or not your motor oil is going to stand up under the toughest conditions."

**How does that compare with highway driving, at normal speeds?** "Look at it this way. In a 500-mile race you put more strain — lots more — on your engine and your oil than by driving from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco at a steady 60 miles an hour. And in a race, you can't take time out for an oil change."

**In your 11 years of racing, what oil has worked best for you?** "Gulfpride. As far back as 1953, I was using Gulfpride in the cars I raced."

**How did Gulfpride perform for you last year?** "The fact that we won the championship is answer enough. We had less mechanical trouble than anybody else I know of in the sports-car circuit."

**What if the oil thins out at those temperatures?** "Engine failure! When oil thins out too much, it can't do the lubricating and sealing job. Then parts begin to fail — valve lifters, rings, camshaft. All moving parts get excessive wear. You might get piston seizure. Finally, by thinning out and the high wear rate that results, you can increase oil consumption until practically all the oil is gone. With Gulfpride, we didn't have any of these problems."

**How much Gulfpride does your car use up in a race?** "At Daytona, for example, the Corvette used up one pint. In a 250-mile race, that's phenomenal."

**What oil do you use in your family car?** "Gulfpride. For 15 years. I've seen Gulfpride perform in the toughest test you can give a motor oil. I use Gulfpride in my own and my wife's car. We change it about every 30 days. On a program like this, I can be sure of keeping these cars running like tops for years."



Dr. Dick Thompson buys his Gulfpride Motor Oil and No. 1 Non-No. 8 gasoline at Wintergreen Golf in Washington, D.C.

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**GOOD YEAR**

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played four years of American college football," Moss explained, "you're way ahead of the game."

Because some coaches at the clinic spoke only French and most instructors spoke only English, a United Nations system of translation was set up; each French-speaking coach heard through a transistor receiver what, for instance, Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath, originally from Tennessee, was saying in southern-fried English. Or something a little bit like what he was saying.

What they saw was clear enough. They saw young Canadians playing with an enthusiasm that World War I correspondents learned to describe as "typical French élan." Two fights—not tolerated in the Canadian Football League—broke out on the field.

"You have to understand the French temperament," said Angus MacFarlane, a Scot. His Mount Allison University team is one of the best in Canada. Fluently bilingual, he was the only lecturer whose talk was given in French. "If you handle a French player properly he will die for you. My players have reached the point where they are so vicious that they growl when they hit a blocking dummy. Not because I say 'Growl!' No. Because they feel like growling."

So Perry Moss's problem is to teach the Alouettes ("larks" in English) to growl.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Richie Ashburn, Mets' outfielder, after hand-fighting Texas mosquitoes: "Houston is the only city in the country where women wear insect repellent instead of perfume."
- Frank Thomas, Mets' outfielder, same topic: "I hit two balls and killed three mosquitoes."
- Tommy Bolt, pro golfer, on the horrors of Oakmont: "I was buried in a trap so deep you could have thrown a little dirt and covered me up."
- Tex Schramm, Dallas Cowboys' general manager, on George Halas' ability to sell tickets at Wrigley Field: "Halas will sell a ticket anywhere he can put a chair. Many's the time a player has come out of the game and found some guy in his seat—and usually the guy has a ticket stub for it."
- Designer Geoffrey Cornish, on his new par-3 golf layout at South Yarmouth, Massachusetts: "It has built-in deceit. Every hole lies to you."

END



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# THAT BIG STRONG DUDE

Those are the words Arnold Palmer used to describe Jack Nicklaus, the young giant who coolly and masterfully defeated him in a stunning U.S. Open playoff to become this era's other wonder man of golf

by ALFRED WRIGHT

When Jack Nicklaus, a broad, beefy and friendly collegian who dominated amateur golf as no one had since Bobby Jones, became a professional last January, it was immediately assumed that his rare combination of brute strength and finesse would move him right to the top of the pro game, too. After all, it was argued, hadn't he won the U.S. Amateur twice and almost won the U.S. Open as well? But when five months went by and Nicklaus failed to win a tournament, the doubts about his future began to be more shouted than whispered. He had never finished out of the money and his earnings were high. But neither had he won, and this was something that rattled his well-wishers almost as much as it did Nicklaus. When he got \$10,000 for finishing second two weeks ago at the Thunderbird Classic, he said he would rather have won \$200 and finished first.

Well, there is no need to wonder any longer about the future of 22-year-old Jack Nicklaus. This week, at the demanding Oakmont Country Club near Pittsburgh, he won the U.S. Open Championship. What's more, he won it in a manner so convincing that he must unhesitatingly be ranked alongside Arnold Palmer as one of the most extraordinarily gifted players of the post-Hogan generation.

On Saturday, during the nerve-racking and exhausting final 36 holes of the 72-hole tournament, Nicklaus managed two

*continued*

**GRIM AND BATTLING**  
Nicklaus, even when wielding a putter, displays the muscles that beat Palmer.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

nearly flawless rounds over Oakmont's hilly terrain and wavy, slippery greens. By finishing one under par that day he picked up three strokes on Palmer, the leader, to force a playoff.

Then, on Sunday, Nicklaus earned his title during an exhibition of brilliant play by the two strongest, most resolute and determined golfers anywhere in the world. Only twice, once on the 8th hole and again on the 18th, when his ball was imbedded in soft turf, did Nicklaus fail to reach the green in the regulation number of strokes. Once on the green, he

icely outputted golf's best clutch putter, Palmer. The suddenly and seriously challenged Palmer was three-putting three greens, and that was the three-stroke margin of victory that brought Nicklaus the championship, 71 to 74.

It was a sad and revealing defeat for almost unbeatable Arnold Palmer. It came in a battle fought in the situation he likes best—a tournament he wanted desperately to win—and on his traditional and exciting terms, namely, just when you think I've lost, that's when I'm going to magically beat you. Jack Nick-

laus faced Palmer under those conditions and whipped him, and that is why golf now has two personable superstars instead of one.

Technically speaking, there was nothing to choose between the tee-to-green play of either player. The difference was all in Palmer's putter, a much battered, much fondled bit of metal that, after helping him produce endless dramatic finishes, finally let him down. During the 72 holes of the regular tournament Nicklaus three-putted only once. Palmer, meanwhile, three-putted seven times.

*continued*



**WAITING OUT CLIFF HANGER.** Arnold Palmer hovers over putt on Friday at 10th green during the second round. At first hopeful, Palmer became a door inspector as playing partner Nicklaus watched.



After three and a half minutes, Palmer finally moved forward with stooped resignation (right) to tap ball into the cup. Golf rules allow for such a "momentary" wait when the ball is on the edge of the cup.



So Nicklaus won what so many people had predicted would be a putting contest on those vast Oakmont greens.

When the fourth round of the Open Championship ended in a draw between Palmer and Nicklaus late Saturday afternoon, one could be forgiven for feeling that the nation's golfers have been overdoing the business of suspense lately. In the past year this country's three biggest championships have all ended in a tie. So have many lesser tournaments. At the PGA last July it was Jerry Barber and Don January. In April it was Palmer, Dow Finsterwald and Gary Player at the Masters. And now it was Palmer and Nicklaus at the Open.

Of all the participants in these months of melodrama, Palmer has been the most conspicuous, for this was his third dead heat in recent weeks.

Even so, the final two hours at Oakmont on Saturday afternoon lost none of its tension simply because the theme has been played so often. The principals were too interesting, and there was too much at stake.

In addition to Palmer and Nicklaus, the cast for the latest cliff-hanger included a couple of names that were not at all familiar to the more than 24,000 people who swarmed over the course.

First, there was Phil Rodgers, a cocky, abrasive 24-year-old with a bitch haircut and a chunky build that make him look vaguely like a smaller edition of Nicklaus. In 1958, while on one of those golfing scholarships at the University of Houston, Rodgers had won the NCAA championship. He joined the pro tour last summer, has won the Los Angeles and Tucson Opens and might well have won the U.S. Open had it not been for what is now the most famous little evergreen tree in all Pennsylvania.

Rodgers was among the leaders on Thursday when he came into the 17th hole one under par. He tried to reach the green with his tee shot on this short, 292-yard par 4, but pulled his ball into a clump of small spruce trees that were recently planted a few yards in front of the green to discourage just such boldness. The ball was lodged solidly in one tree. Rather than take an unplayable lie penalty of two strokes, Rodgers tried to hit his ball out of the tree. Two swings later he was still trying. On his fourth swing the ball fell from the tree and bounced clear. Rodgers then chipped to the green and two-putted for a horrid 8, a quadruple bogey.

In spite of this and a four-putt green, he was only a stroke behind as play began Saturday afternoon. But he never could catch up.

The other unfamiliar name in the cast was Bobby Nichols, 26, who grew up in Lousville and now makes his home in Midland, Texas. Nichols is a tall, well-built and uncommonly handsome man who first came to prominence by winning the St. Petersburg Open in March and following it up a month or so later with a victory in the Houston Classic. After three excellent rounds he started Saturday afternoon at Oakmont in a tie with Palmer at one under par for the tournament. But in what was to be an

hour ahead of Nichols, who was followed in order by Nicklaus and then Palmer. By the time Palmer reached the ninth hole of his afternoon round, he was three under par, having birdied the second and fourth holes. This gave him a solid-looking two-stroke advantage over Rodgers and Nichols, and four strokes on Nicklaus.

It was here—if you were among the many ignoring the snowballing but rather subtle disaster that Palmer's putting had become—that he readmitted the field to an Open that was his. Nine is a long-playing, uphill par 5 of 480 yards. Palmer had reached it with two shots in the morning round, and then three-



**THE CRITICAL 17TH**, supposedly an easy hole, was the scene of much drama. This drawing shows the spruce grove (1) which cost Rodgers the Open, the rough (2) from which Palmer was unable to get the birdie which would have won, and trap (3) where Nicklaus lost a big chance.

afternoon of frustration for all, he couldn't get the lead either.

Of this quartet, Palmer had spent the morning playing the best and putting the worst. He hit 16 greens, including a par 5 in two and a par 4 in one stroke. Yet Oakmont's greens, getting harder by the minute, had led him to take 38 putts. He even missed three two-footers. At the lunch break he had a ham-and-cheese sandwich, a horrid concoction of Coke and milk and a plea. "Come out and putt for me," he asked a writer. "Me!" exclaimed the writer. "Yes," said Palmer, "you," figuring anybody would putt better than he had.

Jack Nicklaus, eating only a table away (and without a covey of writers standing around him), had putted better, far, far better. Through 54 holes he was yet to three-putt a green, but he still trailed Palmer by two strokes.

The pairings on Saturday were such that Rodgers was playing about half an

hour ahead of Nichols, who was followed in order by Nicklaus and then Palmer. By the time Palmer reached the ninth hole of his afternoon round, he was three under par, having birdied the second and fourth holes. This gave him a solid-looking two-stroke advantage over Rodgers and Nichols, and four strokes on Nicklaus.

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For the closing five holes Nicklaus and Palmer both played extraordinary and

seemingly devastating golf, and just as devastatingly, the extraordinary greens of Oakmont kept them from achieving a thing. At 14 they both missed birdie putts from inside 10 feet. At 15 and 16 neither could sink a birdie putt again. At 17 Nicklaus thought he had lost the tournament. Trying to reach the green he drove into a trap on the right side, hit a weak shot from the sand that barely cleared the top of the bunker and had to chip up to salvage a par. Now Palmer, playing right behind Nicklaus, would surely birdie 17. That morning he had taken the tournament lead by scoring a tremendous eagle 2 on the hole, driving the green and sinking an 18-footer that had set him to dancing with joy. This time Palmer went to the left in the vicinity of Rodgers' famous spruce tree. A delicate wedge left him eight feet from the hole.

Palmer took a long, long time to line up this vital putt as the enormous gallery on the hillside hardly breathed. He knew by this time that Nichols and Rodgers were no longer in the game, for he had carefully studied a nearby scoreboard when he reached the green, and he also knew that Nicklaus must have hit a marvelous drive from the adjoining 18th tee, because he heard the roar of the gallery and the unusual applause as Jack strode purposefully off the tee and down the fairway, his sunburned face and jaw working in determination.

Just as Palmer bent over his eight-foot putt on the 17th, he paused, backed up, looked at the television tower behind him and gestured impatiently. "I could hear the TV announcer summarizing my putt," he explained later.

"Did you agree with him?" someone asked.

"No," Palmer replied emphatically.

The disturbance over, Palmer tried once again to sink a putt. And once again he missed on a green that by this late hour had gotten firm and fast as a turnpike.

At the 18th Nicklaus had hit what he later called his best drive of the tournament, and all he needed was a six-iron to reach the green on this very long, 462-yard par 4, which many of the golfers never reached with two good woods. Palmer, in his turn, got there with a drive and a four-iron. Each had similar putts for the birdie—Nicklaus from 12 feet, Palmer from 10.

And, as golf's largest gallery—a well-mannered and excellently marshaled

crowd, in spite of its size—watched they both missed. Palmer's miss was the more dramatic, for by now his hair-raising finishes have become so legendary that everyone is surprised and disappointed if he fails to win a tournament with his final stroke on the 72nd hole. But this time he disappointed both his fans and himself. So the tournament went into the ninth playoff of 1962 as Palmer and Nicklaus each finished with 293, one stroke under par for the full four rounds.

Sunday's sensational playoff was a rematch of the pairing of the first two days, when Palmer and Nicklaus also

played together. Then, as on Saturday, each shot about the inner golf of his career. On Thursday Palmer's par 71 had led Jack by a stroke, and on Friday his 68 gained two on Jack's 70. Now they were to have it again.

"I wish it were someone else," Palmer said with a grin when he finally could relax from the ordeal of Saturday's 36 holes. Then he looked affectionately at the 10 years younger and happily smiling face of Nicklaus. "That big, strong dude," said Palmer. "I thought I was through with him yesterday." Arnold Palmer will be contending with Jack Nicklaus for a long, long time. **END**

RODGERS FLAIRS AT SPRUCE TREE, AND BALL FINALLY DROPS PAST SHAFT TO GROUND



# VIVA VAVA AND GARRINCHA!

These triumphant players (below) were the heroes as Brazil won its second straight world soccer championship in Chile, the climax of an international tournament that began two years ago

by ROY TERRELL



**F**or 250 million soccer players throughout the world, and for millions of fans, the World Cup is the World Series, the Olympic games and the Davis Cup all rolled into one. Once every four years the 16 best national teams, survivors of a worldwide elimination tournament, meet to decide which country really does play the best soccer football.

Last Sunday afternoon in Santiago, Chile they found out. With the great

snowcapped peaks of the Andes peering over the rim of National Stadium, and 75,000 spectators jammed inside, the answer turned out to be the same that it had been at Stockholm in 1958: Brazil.

The Brazilians, a bubbling band of assassins, beat stubborn Czechoslovakia 3-1 in the final game and won not only the World Cup once again but a victory for the slashing South American style of play as well. Czechoslovakia played as

Europeans have been playing in recent years—methodically, carefully, concentrating on ball control and defense. For three weeks the Czech defense had been like a great pane of shatterproof glass thrown up before the goal, and perhaps no one in the tournament had performed with quite the diligence of the Czech goalkeeper, a stubby, building little acrobat named Viliam Schrojf. In an early-round game Schrojf had stopped the

Brazilians. But this time they assaulted his back line until it crumpled. Then they swarmed over Schrieff.

Czechoslovakia actually scored first, moving the ball into Brazil's territory with precise, short passes to set up a close-in shot by Josef Masopust after 14 minutes of play. It took Brazil less than two minutes to tie the game. The Brazilians all have names, but they are very long ones, so they go by nicknames instead: Vava, Didi, Zito, Lobo. The name that the Czechs feared most was Garrincha. Garrincha is a bow-legged little bullet of a man who had turned England upside down in the quarter-finals and repeated the operation against Chile in the semifinal round. By putting two and three and sometimes four men on Garrincha, the Czechs stopped him. But the strategy weakened them elsewhere and Zito, Amarildo, Tavares and Vava poured through.

Amarildo scored first, on a vicious left-footed kick from a difficult angle 30 yards out, and the score stood at 1-1 until 24 minutes of the second half. Then Amarildo sent a soft, arching pass across the face of the Czech goal. Schrieff came out to intercept, missed, and Zito thumped the ball in with his head. The final Brazilian goal was scored by Vava 10 minutes later. A long shot bounced off Schrieff's hands and Vava kicked it in. By the time the game ended, Schrieff's tongue was hanging out so far that it looked like his necktie.

The championship match was along classic lines. To 7 million Chileans, however, this was not really the championship game at all. That had occurred four days earlier, when Chile met Brazil. In fact, the real story of the 1962 World Cup was the amazing march of little Chile to the semifinal round.

Chile was in the World Cup final group of 16 almost by chance. Always a contestant, never a contender, the pencil-thin nation furrowed between the Andes and the Pacific had been awarded the big tournament for good behavior and, as host team, did not have to qualify. The selection of Chile, said the F.I.F.A., governing body of world soccer, was in recognition of the small countries. It was not really expected that Chile would gain much recognition on the soccer field itself.

The 16 national teams in Chile were first divided into four-team groups to



**ACROBATIC ACTION** in Brazil-Chile game shows Vava (above) leaping high to head ball and Chile's Lobo (below) sending pass backward to teammate, with overhead kick. Brazil won 4-2.



play a round-robin schedule within each group. The four winners and the four runners-up would then advance to the quarter-finals. There were clear favorites in each group. At Arica, a small town of tinminedown shacks surrounding a magnificent new soccer stadium, neither Russia nor Yugoslavia anticipated much trouble from Colombia or Uruguay. In Yofa del Mar, a breathtaking seaside suburb of Valparaiso, Brazil and Czechoslovakia were the class, with Spain given a chance, Mexico did not count. At Rancagua, an agricultural town 62 miles south of Santiago, Hungary and England were clearly superior to Argentina and Bulgaria. Only in Santiago itself was there doubt: West Germany was good, Switzerland was nothing. But in between stood Italy and Chile, and who would advance?

For a while, during the first week of competition, it seemed that no one would advance. The U.S.S.R., arrived in Arica fresh from a Russian winter and discovered that Arica was located 1,000 miles north of Santiago, almost in the tropics along the Peruvian border. For days the Russians were so tired that they could hardly walk to the practice field. They were also having trouble with the eight-hour time change between Arica and Moscow. They slept most of the day and stayed awake all night. Finally the Russian coach, Gavril Kachalin, came up with a solution. "Go to bed," he commanded his players, "and sleep for 14 hours."

Czechoslovakia, without a surplus of funds for preliminary research, had dropped its housing problem in the lap of a Czech national living in Valparaiso. The man did a good job of finding a hotel but, unhappily, he was not a soccer buff. He forgot to arrange for a practice field. So the Czechs worked out daily in what amounted to a clearing in the jungle. Perhaps that is why Czechoslovakia played so well on defense.

The English came to Chile at the end of an eight-month season and they were tired when they landed. At Rancagua they found the weather gloomy and cold. "Now I've seen Chile," said one of the players on the second day, "and now I'm ready to go home." Alfredo di Stefano, the famous Argentine-born Spanish star, generally considered the game's best player until Brazil's Edson Arantes do Nascimento, better known as Pele, came

along, developed a virus that was to keep him out of action altogether. The 16 coaches were so secretive that they would not appear on radio or television and would not allow their players to be interviewed by the press. Helio Herrera, the Spanish coach, actually showed up alone at a party given by the mayor of Yofa del Mar in honor of the Spanish players. Herrera admitted that he had been censoring the mail his players received from home. "Sonnards only write letters," he explained, "when the news is bad."

But, finally, the action began—if action is the word. The play was cautious to an extreme, the games generally low-scoring affairs. The trouble, it seems, stemmed from the goal-average system to be used in deciding who would advance to the quarter-finals in the event of a tie at the end of group play. Because the figure was arrived at by dividing the goals a team scored by the goals scored against it, everyone sat back to play defense. Everyone, that is, but Chile.

Chile went right to work on Switzerland, winning its first game 3-1. Schools closed for the occasion, shops and offices shut tight, a general meeting of the central committee of the local Communist party was called off, and by nightfall, records featuring a play-by-play broadcast of the match were selling in the music shops. The Chilean heroes went off into the seclusion of a private estate to prepare for Italy.

Soccer football is a wonderful game, partly because it is basically a very simple game. In two 45-minute periods, seldom broken by a time out, one team of 11 players attempts to kick a ball into the other team's goal, meanwhile protecting its own. It is a game that requires developed skills of a remarkably high order on the part of the individual, at least at this level of international competition. It also requires great speed and timing and almost unbelievable endurance, since substitutions are not allowed. But sometimes, in all the excitement, soccer teams forget the primary purpose of the game, and this is what happened to Italy. Having played a scoreless tie with West Germany in their opening game, the Italians set out to eliminate Chile from the World Cup altogether.

After only eight minutes, Giorgio Ferrini, the Italian inside left, was thrown out of the game for fighting. A few minutes later Ferrini was joined by Mario David, the right halfback, who had been found guilty by English referee Ken

Aston of kicking Chilean players instead of the soccer ball. "The Italians were very rude," said Santiago papers next day. Rudeness, in South American soccer, seems to include anything up to and including carrying blackjacks concealed in one's trunk. In any event, rudeness got the Italians nowhere. Forced to play ten men short for most of the game, they went down under the enthusiasm if not very expert Chilean attack, 2-0. It was the most exciting moment in Chile since Arturo Prat leaped onto the deck of the Peruvian flagship off Iquique in 1879, in a heroic solo attempt to spike the invader's guns. Today the Peruvians insist that Arturo Prat didn't really jump, that he was pushed, and after the soccer match the Italians felt a bit the same way. "The Chilean players," claimed the Italians, "were doped."

Chile could afford to ignore such accusations. With four points, two for each victory, Chile was assured a place in the quarter-finals, a either winner or runner-up of the group, the first team of all 16





to achieve guaranteed survival. So, relaxing, the Chileans lost to Germany 2-0 in the last game of group play and headed for Arica to meet the Russians.

If Chile's advance had been unexpectedly easy, that of most other quarter-finalists had been unexpectedly hard. Not one team survived the opening round with a perfect record. At Rancagua, Hungary showed a brief return to its pre-revolutionary form, defeating England 2-1 in a fine match, then smashing Bulgaria 6-1, only to be tied 0-0 by Argentina. England managed to advance with Hungary, but only by the narrowest of margins after a victory, a loss and a tie. Jimmy Greaves, the well-traveled little man who last year defected to Milan for £90,000, then defected back to Tottenham Hotspur for £99,999 a few months later, was playing like a tiger but seemed to have lost his famed scoring punch. Also he didn't have much help. The English really were tired.

But most of the interest, aside from Santiago, was focused on the groups at

Vina and Arica. At Vina, the heavily favored Brazilians were hardly impressive while beating Mexico 2-0, even with their star, Pele, playing and scoring a goal. Then, in a long-range preview of what was to be the championship match, Brazil was held to a scoreless tie by the Czechs. The Czech strategy was simple, render Pele horizontal as soon as possible and get on with the match. At one time there were eight Czech players encircling "The Black Pearl" of Brazil, but finally Pele did himself in. Getting off a particularly vicious shot at the Czech goal, Pele severely strained a muscle in his groin, a muscle that had been first injured during the Brazilian season. He was carried off the field after only 24 minutes of play and, though he returned shortly, he was generally ineffective. His teammates, perhaps shocked by his loss, perhaps simply unable to penetrate the devilish Czech defense while one man short, were lucky to escape with a tie.

"There are two Brazilian teams," said Alberto Cassola, president of the Chil-

ean Football Coaches Association. "One with Pele, one without Pele. They do not resemble each other at all. The second one may not be good enough to win."

Now Brazil faced the necessity of gaining at least a tie with Spain in order to advance. At half time Spain led 1-0, and it was a very terrible moment back home in Brazil, where half the population was in danger of dropping dead in clusters around their radios. It was also a sad moment in Chile, for the Brazilians had become great favorites. Even the manager of the O'Higgins Hotel, where the Brazilian players were wont to practice kicking a soccer ball around the ballroom at 3 o'clock in the morning, was there to root for his tenants.

Perhaps Brazil felt this. Or maybe the players were spurred on by the crazy Brazilian band that sat high up in the stands, pounding out a rhythmic, infuriating clatter on an assortment of oilcans, apple boxes and tin rattles. Anyway, Brazil scored 27 minutes deep in the second half to tie up the game, and

*(continued on page 58)*

CHILEANS ROOTING BEHIND WIRE BARRIER AT BRAZIL GAME TYPIFY LOCAL ENTHUSIASM THAT HELPED HOSTS WIN EARLY MATCHES



## READY FOR THE REDS



The secret weapon flying through the air like a misguided missile above may be the one that will sink a Russian navy. He is Coxswain John Beeman of the Cornell University crew that promised to take on the Russians in Philadelphia (SI, June 18), provided it won the intercollegiate title. This flight of Coxswain Beeman, propelled into the waters of New York state's Otsego Lake by his crewmates, proves that Cornell did indeed win.

The victory was no surprise. Crew coaches, like shrewd poker players, are at their best when they are belittling their own assets, but Cornell's Coach

Stork Sanford was utterly unable to conceal his self-satisfaction as 13 of the nation's top crews took to the water for the 60th rowing of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships on Otsego Lake last week. "Our last two weeks of workouts have been excellent," he said. "We are rowing better now than at any time this season."

He said this in the face of one of the strongest fields the IRA has hosted in years. One measure of that strength was the fact that defending champion California, aiming for its third straight victory, was given only an outside chance to achieve it.

From the West Coast, Coach Ed Leandersson's undefeated Huskies of the University of Washington had come to Syracuse primed with more confidence of their own than they had known in a decade. The only crew that had come close to finishing in front of the Huskies all season long was their own junior varsity. After 11 winless years at the IRA and nearly 1,400 miles of practice rowing, the Huskies were lean and ready for victory. The only thing that could upset them, they reasoned, would be the eastern climate. The Huskies had done all their practicing in the crisp, bracing temperatures of the Pacific Northwest,

After coming from behind in a so-so season to win the intercollegiate championships on Onondaga Lake, Cornell's crew is eager to take on a Russian eight at Philadelphia

by THOMAS BRODY



and everyone agreed they needed that kind of weather to win. But at race time on Onondaga Lake, the atmosphere was hot and humid, and the thermometer stood at 85°.

Another potent and potent threat to Cornell came from Joe Burk's surprising Pennsylvanians, who had already beaten the Big Red twice in shorter races and had won all but one of their other races. Burk thought his boys, who row a boat at least seven strokes per minute higher than any other crew, were good enough to win again, but most of the other coaches doubted the high-stroking Pennsylvanians could keep up their rap-

id pace for three full miles. As it turned out, they couldn't.

As for Cornell, though the Ithacans were barely able to qualify for the Eastern Sprints at Worcester—and then finished well behind in the finals—they weren't worried. All along they had been setting their sights on the longer and more important IRA race. After the Sprints, Sanford rearranged his boat. He got a new cox and shifted Bill Stowe, who had paced Cornell to its first two wins of the season, back from No. 4 to his old stroke position.

Getting off the line quickly with traditionally fast-starting Penn, Washington

seesawed with the Quakers for an early lead. Cornell, as was expected, settled into a formful, low-stroking 30 and stayed bunched with—surprisingly—Dartmouth, Brown and Columbia.

At the end of the first mile Penn, stroking at 37, spurred off to a brief lead. Washington, rowing higher than expected with a 33, stayed close. Then Cornell, its power strokes beginning to take effect against the 18-mph headwind, made its move. Driving forward with a long, clean, rhythmic run, it closed slowly on the two leaders.

Penn upped its beat to 39. It was at a similar point in the Eastern Sprints that Burk's boys had begun moving over the water like a scared centipede crossing a hot stove. "But when the time came for us to make our move in this race," said Burk at Syracuse, "we didn't." First Washington, then Cornell, caught and passed Penn. The Quakers, who never did build up the sizable lead they knew they had to have going into the stretch, now were having trouble even holding off upstairs like Dartmouth, Brown and Columbia.

Meanwhile, though outstroked by Washington, Cornell took the lead. Just as the Huskies were making their move, the Big Red, as Stroke Bill Stowe put it later, "gave 'em our big 10"—10 long, hard strokes with all the power the eight rowers could muster. Used at exactly the right moment, such a push can settle a race once and for all, and that is exactly what happened. At the end of Cornell's 10 powerful strokes, Coach Sanford's boys were a length and a half in front. There was still half the race to be rowed, but it was obvious that no one would catch the Big Red ever again.

The only suspense left in the race lay in the battle for the runner-up spot. In the sprinting final quarter, California, trailing for most of the race, suddenly appeared on the scene as unexpectedly as the guilty butler in a whodunit. The Golden Bears crossed the finish line just behind Washington.

As the triumphant Cornell shell paddled up to its wharf, a hanger-on shouted at it. "Well, are you ready to take on the Russians at Philly?"

"Right," answered one of the Big Red's rowers, "and we'll clean 'em up, too."

END

# L.A.'S SWIFT SET SPRINTS TO

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

**D**o you really want to know what the Dodgers are gonna do?" said Bob Shaw of the Milwaukee Braves last week. "They're gonna fold. In July they're gonna flop. Curl up and die, plunk. They're gonna finish nowhere."

"Why do I think this ball club will win?" said Ron Fairly, the first-batting first baseman of the Dodgers. "Because it's got good pitching, good power and great speed. Anybody that thinks that this ball club is going to fold is a nut. A lot of people say that winning every game is impossible. That's nonsense. How many games have we got left? Ninety-seven? If we can keep as mad as we've been lately we might just win 'em all. We fight every minute for every inch. We've got speed and everybody on this ball club is pulling for everybody else."

Within the last month the Los Angeles Dodgers have become probably the most discussed team in major league baseball. Playing at a .778 clip, they swept five consecutive doubleheaders and completed their longest road trip of the year by winning 13 of 19 games. Despite a short slump against Houston last week, they remained in first place.

Before this season began, baseball handicappers assumed that the strong pitching arms of Johnny Podres, Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Stan Williams would lift the Dodgers to the pennant. But it is not pitching or hitting or fielding that has put the Dodgers in first place. The St. Louis Cardinals and the San Francisco Giants are outdistancing the Dodgers. The Dodgers have the worst fielding average in the majors (.970); their nearest competitors are the Detroit Tigers (.971). It is The Swift Set that has put the team where it is, and The Swift Set might just run away with the National League championship.

The Swift Set is composed of five Dodger Negroes—Infielders Maury Wills and Jim Gilliam, Outfielders Tommy and Willie Davis and Catcher John Roseboro. These five have stolen 62 bases in 79 attempts this season, far and away better than the team total of any

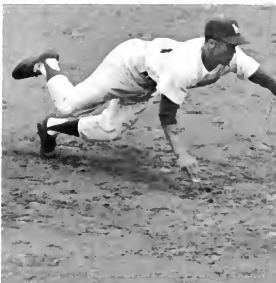
other club in either league. (The Cardinals are second in base stealing with a total of 44.) The Swift Set likes soft music and singing in harmony. It likes all kinds of new gadgets, like transistor radios that can be converted into walkie-talkies. It likes the sound of the Clavietta. When The Swift Set sits in a hotel lobby everyone marvels at its splendid sweaters. When it runs it brings baseball fans to their feet. As a group these five have become the biggest thieves to hit baseball since the 1919 Black Sox.

"There are probably some people," says Dodger Manager Walt Alston, "who would rather see a home run than a hit-and-run or a stolen base. But these fellows help our ball club tremendously. Every time Maury Wills gets on base in Chavez Ravine the crowds start hollering 'Go.' Early this year I went to Maury and told him to steal more. He's on his own out there now. We played a game in Houston recently and the score was 3-3 in the 13th inning. Maury walked, stole second, stole third and scored on

a short fly ball to center. We won 4-3 and it put us in first place. With some other ball clubs that situation probably would have demanded a bunt. Why should I have bunted? Maury's stealing percentage [35 of 40] is better than any bunting percentage. He's got great timing, and with Junior Gilliam hitting behind him he gets the help he needs. Gilliam is one of the smartest hitters around and there are not many pitchers who can fool him. He sees Maury out of the corner of his eye and knows when Wills has a base stolen. A lot of guys can run a steal by fouling a pitch off when the runner already has the base stolen. They're a perfect combination."

There is a good chance that Maury Wills, at 29, will become the first National League player since 1916 to steal more than 60 bases. (In 1916 Max Carey stole 63.) Wills has led the National League in base stealing for the last two years with 50 and 35, doing most of his stealing in the last two months of the season. He is the leader of The Swift Set. For

MAURY WILLS, LEADER OF THE SWIFT SET, DIVES INTO FIRST BASE AS PHILADELPHIA



The Los Angeles Dodgers are drawing baseball's biggest crowds with a group of players who are not afraid to sing and dance and take a chance. Running the bases with derring-do, they lead the league

## THE TOP

nine years he had kicked around as a minor league player, moving from Hornell to Pueblo, Miami to Pueblo, Fort Worth to Pueblo. The Dodgers once tried to sell him to the Detroit Tigers for \$35,000. "We looked at Willy," says John McHale, who was then the general manager of the Tigers, "and passed him. He had speed, but we sent him back to the Dodgers." The Tigers and McHale made a bad mistake. Detroit still needs an adequate shortstop.

"When I first came up to the majors in 1959," Willy says, "I got caught on my first three tries. I began to study the pitchers carefully to find flaws in their motions. I know a lot of the pitchers now but I still keep studying them. When I get on base against a pitcher I don't know, I find out about him. I'll give him a one-way lead. A one-way lead is when you lead off the base and lean all your weight back toward the base. I'll draw throws and I can see a pitcher's whole motion. He won't pick me off because my weight brings me

back to the bag. I read a lot about pitchers, too. I never aspired to be an average ballplayer. I want to be an outstanding player. I pick little things up. One night I was listening to a radio show and Vernon Law and Bob Friend of the Pirates were saying that when they get two strikes on a hitter they don't like to throw any waste pitches. Not too long after that they got two strikes on me and I was ready and hit them.

"During a ball game," Willy continued, "I'm stealing all the time while I'm on the bench. I'll sit with Willie Davis [15 steals in 17 attempts, second best in the National League] and we look for something wrong. I'll say 'Now,' when the pitcher starts to throw to the plate, and a lot of times Willie will say, 'Yeah, man, you had it.' There are a lot of left-handers that are easier to steal against than right-handers. Pete Reiser [Dodger coach and a former fine base stealer] has helped me a lot by talking to me all the time about positive thinking."

"Positive thinking," says Reiser, "is

using a ballplayer's inner conceit. All ballplayers have a great amount of inner conceit and it has got to be used. Every hitter thinks he is the world's greatest hitter, every pitcher thinks he is the world's greatest pitcher. To be great ballplayers they have to think that all the time. The Dodgers don't want hitters going up to the plate hoping they are going to get then pitch or outfielders hoping that they can get to a fly ball or runners hoping to steal. We want players who know that they are going to hit the pitch and know that they are going to get to a fly ball and know that they will steal. Somebody else can hope for a ballplayer but he's got to know for himself."

Handsome, red-haired Ron Fairly is one Dodger who has a prodigious amount of inner conceit. "When he goes up to the plate," says Captain Duke Snider, "he never goes up on the defensive. That's what it takes to make a hitter and he's got it." Last year Fairly was the team's second-best hitter at .322. This year he is on the same pace, and during the Dodgers' recent drive he hit .407.

But the pleasantest surprise of all for the Dodgers has been Tommy Davis. He leads the team in hitting (.330) and the majors in runs batted in with 68. "I've been pretty lucky getting my ribbies [RBIs] this year," he says. "Near the end of last year I pulled a muscle at the base of my spine and was in traction for two weeks. It's strong now and it only bothers me when I hit a base wrong or take a big cut and don't get anything."

Davis smiled his handsome smile. "We have a lot of fun on this ball club," he said. "In spring training Johnny Roseboro and some of us got together and shaved all the hair off Maury Willy's head. We all like music. I'm playing the Clavietta now. Standards. *My Favourite Valentine*, *Stella by Starlight*. King Cole plays the Clavietta. King Cole and Johnny Roseboro. You can get a bad Clavietta for \$12 or \$14. I had one of those but now I got a \$40 Clavietta. *Moan River* is nice on a Clavietta."

The Dodger spirit is perhaps best

continued on page 53

PHILLIES' FRANK TORRE GETS LATE PICKOFF THROW FROM PITCHER MANAFREY



# A WRY GLIMPSE OF WIMBLEDON



**D**espite the players (who come from all over the world) and the game they play (which is international) there is a flavor distinctively British in the tennis championships held each year at this time by the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club in Wimbledon, just outside London. Last year as the tournament, founded in 1877 and once known as the world championships, got under way for the 75th time, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* invited Satirist André François, a French artist with a sharply pointed style and uninhibited palette, to cross the Channel and have a look at it through sympathetic but alien eyes. He responded to the challenge with the paintings on the following pages and a notebook full of sly comment to go with them.

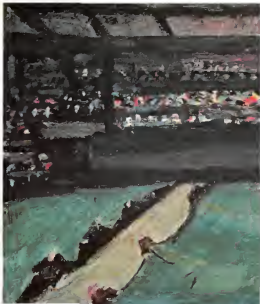


**T**he Wimbledon landscape," notes André François, "consists of trees, meadows, houses buried in the trees, and hills and hills of cars. The newspaper vendors look very fierce. In certain sections distinguished people under distinguished umbrellas are being served distinguished tea. In other areas undistinguished people serve

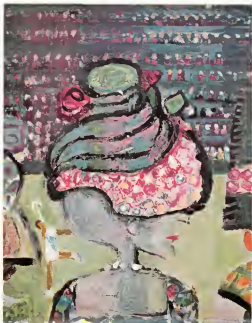
themselves tea cakes and ice cream—and look. The only real extraverts in England are the aristocracy watchers. They don't even pretend not to look. They look and look. They get on their toes and look. There goes the most distinguished person of all. The sunset and the Wimbledon flag are reflected in the bonnet of his Rolls-Royce."



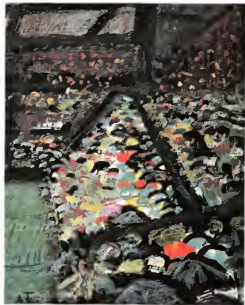
Everything in Wimbledon is green," adds Artist François, "but the grass tennis courts. Green ivy, green canopies, green chairs, green doors, green balconies—blue-green, black-green, green-green. But the tennis courts are yellowish, like the green velvet of a Victorian armchair which has faded away. In the midst of it sits the umpire wearing a straw hat and, definitely, a carnation. He is a little smug and seems to have been sitting there since the 19th century. All of a sudden the sky gets dark and it begins to rain. The lawn is covered up, and in the unsheltered parts of the grounds there is a blossoming of umbrellas. People are used to rain in England."



You have to call them hats," notes Wimbledon's visiting Frenchman, "because ladies wear them on their heads. If you had not been to Wimbledon you would not believe it. This is London's open-air flower and vegetable market. Women walk about with pink cabbages, turquoise roses, Brussels sprouts, mushrooms and game birds caught in Portuguese fishnets all on the top of their heads. You see very few men here. All you see are hats. The best show of all is that of the ball boys. Pointers and retrievers combined, they communicate with each other in silent telegraphy. They scoop up a ball, duck and become suddenly immobile like church figures."









The rewards for the players," concludes François, "seem an anticlimax after the magnificence of the hats, the splendor of the *pos de deux* on the courts and the ballets of the ball boys. Two canvas rugs are placed on the lawn. A small table is covered with a Union Jack, and a small silver bucket is placed on top of it. Amid breathless silence a tiny old lady walks out over the rugs to the bucket. One day she may be a little old duchess; another day she may be a duke. As she presents the bucket, the winners will how deeply, the photographers will snap their shutters and the reporters, ball boys and television men will watch closely."





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25 feet. The styling by Michelotti would do any sports car proud. So would the luxurious finish, complete with real walnut dash and bucket seats (both standard equipment).

Test drive the Triumph 1200, in either convertible or sedan versions, at any of the 550-plus Triumph dealers. You'll see the difference sports car engineering can make in an economy car.



### TRIUMPH 1200

\*The 1200 Sedan costs \$1699. Both prices P.O.E. plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Standard-Triumph Motor Company, Inc. U.S. - 375 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Canada: Standard-Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto 16, Ontario.



## **PART IV Better Boating**

# ***Cruising Under Sail***

**by Roderick Stephens Jr. with Arthur Zieh**

**T**hree years ago my family and I, with some friends, sailed out of Larchmont, N.Y. for Shelburne, Nova Scotia aboard our 45-foot sloop, *Mustang*. Southerly winds stayed fresh all the way; the days were warm, the nights cool and star-flecked, and plenty of good food was served from the galley. It was as close to perfect as any cruise could be, and when we had tied up in Larchmont harbor, a batch of cocktails back on the quarter topped off four easy weeks of

real pleasure—the pleasure that belongs to ocean cruising. One of our guests, a fellow who had never cruised before, was rather surprised by it all. “It wasn’t the way I’d heard,” he remarked. “No broken boom, no water in the cabin—just four weeks of easy living. How come we never had a crisis?”

As owner and skipper of *Mustang*, I had the primary responsibility. But I also would have been to blame if the trip had turned out to be miserable. Perhaps

more than any other type of boat a cruising auxiliary reflects the planning, the knowledge and the judgment—good or bad—of the skipper. Its condition is proof of his regard for his boat and its crew. He and he alone is responsible for what his boat may be: a safe, secure and comfortable home for ocean cruising or a nightmare for all aboard, uncomfortable, insecure and—no! the least important—unsafe.

The differences between comfort and

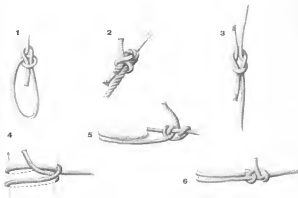
## A MASTER'S PLANNING

Rod Stephens Jr. (shown left starting out on a cruise with his family aboard their 45-foot sloop, *Mustang*) is one of the most accomplished ocean racing and cruising sailors of the world. He is also a naval architect, associated with the firm of Sparkman & Stephens. As such, he has applied his knowledge and concern for the tiny details of safe and comfortable cruising to his own family boat. Note the small portholes, far safer than large windows, which could be smashed by waves. The companionway is fitted with a bronze rail that can be held while climbing up and down, has a canvas hatch cover, which permits ventilation but prevents water from getting below. The stanchions for the lifelines are bolted through the deck instead of being held by screws. There is a strong handhold next to the binnacle, so that an off-balance crewman can steady himself on it rather than on the binnacle. Life preservers are lashed inside the lifeline on the after binnacle, reachable from the helm yet secure against the power of heaving seas. The cockpit is shallow, only 16 inches deep, a safeguard against an unbearable weight of water that may come aboard. Even the main boom topping lift, the thin wire running aloft from the end of the boom, has a pin back at its end; in low stretches slightly and thus absorbs the force of the boom's weight when the line is spar drops down as the sail is lowered at that end.

Drawn by Tom Poyt

miserly are surprisingly small. One detail overlooked—a bunk board installed improperly, for example, so that in a rolling sea it pinches a guest from his bunk, perhaps breaking a bone—and a cruise, not to say the guest, can be ruined. The difference rests in the sum of all the little things, the tiny details of a boat's gear, its fuel, water and electrical systems, its sails and rigging. The difference can also be in the clothing you wear, the food you bring aboard—Carleton Mitchell has worked out an excellent basic cruising menu (SI, Jan. 16, 1961)—and, finally, in the skipper's continuing recognition of varying abilities and limitations of all the people on board.

There is an example of this concern in the picture above, showing my family and me on *Mustang* completing a tack. My wife, Marge, is at the tiller; Betsy,



## SIX KNOTS ARE ALL YOU NEED

Though sailors have developed hundreds of knots, bends and hitches for various specialized purposes, the six knots shown above meet the basic needs of the cruising sailor. (1) The bowline is a fixed (non-slipping) loop used for many purposes, such as securing a boat to a pilings or stopping a horse's choke. It is a strong, secure knot, yet it is easy to untie after heavy strain has been put on it. (2) The square, or reef knot, joins two lines of equal thickness, such as reef points or other light line. (4) The clove hitch is quickly tied, but intended only as a temporary hitch as a pilings. (5) The rolling hitch with a round turn, which will not slip or bind, is good for overnight dock tie-up or for tying a lighter line onto a heavier or cable. (6) Round turn, shown here with two half hitches, takes the strain off the half hitches.



## DEEP-WATER DECK HARDWARE

Small extra features in deck hardware, like the ones from *Mustang* shown above, can make the difference between a successful and a frustrating cruise. Left: a thimble with threads in both holes keeps the pin from dropping out when it is unsecured. Center: when the permanent backstay needs tightening, a turnbuckle like this one can ease the chore. Both collars swing up, one is held fast, the other is turned—but caution must be exercised. Too much cranking, and the rigging will be too tight, setting up a possible rigging failure and putting dangerous strain on the mast. Right: a Barrett winch handle with a ball-lock attachment will eliminate the hazard of the handle slipping its socket. When the shank of the handle engages the winch, the ball lock needs an integral fitting, when the thumb button is pressed, the ball slides back into the handle's shank and it can be removed from the socket.

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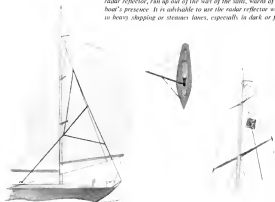


#### SAFETY ON THE FOREDECK

On Mustang's foredeck are three small but important details of cruising safety, position of each is shown above in overboard view of bow, with arrows pointing to enlarged close-ups. Running lights (left), back-shielded to eliminate glare at the helm, are mounted on the bow pulpit—not on the cabin trunk, where they would be blacked out by a person job or spinnaker. Bow chocks are smoothly rounded, preventing wear on the lines. The special air vent (upper right), called a Duclos vent, prevents water from getting into the cabin. Water entering the air scoop is trapped in the vent box and runs out through corks in the after side, while air passes freely through the lower duct into cabin below.

#### SAFETY IN THE RIGGING

A spinnaker net (below left), a preventer vang (center) and a radar reflector are additional safety features on Mustang. As soon as the chute is set, the spinnaker net, a simple sack of light line, should be run up the forestay to prevent the sail from tangling itself in the rigging. "It took me one accident to learn the value of a spinnaker net," says Stephens. "The spinnaker wrapped around the fibstay, and I had to climb to the spreaders to free it—but that happened only once. I have used a spinnaker net ever since." The preventer vang is secured to the foredeck on the leeward side of the boat. Its purpose is to prevent the boom from rising or plunging accidentally. A wire-mesh radar reflector, run up out of the way of the sails, warns of the boat's presence. It is advisable to use the radar reflector when in heavy shipping or steamer lanes, especially in dark or fog.



#### Cruising continued

my 13-year-old daughter, is assisting me with the jib sheet. The cranking of the winch is left to me, and that is as it should be. Marge and Betsy are both good sailors who can steer the boat as well as I can. Winch-cranking, however, can be an exhausting and sometimes impossible chore for a woman. But beneath such little things there is a single, strong foundation, an attitude which, as a naval architect, I've had to maintain over the 30 years I've been designing boats, racing them on the oceans of the world and later cruising with my family. That attitude is: plan ahead, stay relaxed yet alert and be mildly suspicious of every bit of gear and every situation.

I was planning ahead when I bought Mustang almost 17 years ago. I wanted a boat a family could live on comfortably, whether out for a weekend off Larchmont or on an extended cruise along the coast of Maine. I also needed a boat which, with the family ashore and a crew of ocean racers aboard, could beat across the Gulf Stream to Bermuda. The measurement rule for the Bermuda race and most other blue-water events sets a practical minimum of about 35 feet in overall length. But since the bulk of the heavy chores on a family cruise would normally fall on me, I felt the boat should not be over 45 feet so I could handle it myself if need be. In the 17 pleasurable years that I've been cruising and racing Mustang I've never regretted that decision. There is much to be said in favor of a compact cruising boat.

The size of a boat has never been a matter of safety; it is rather an index to cruising comfort. It governs the degree of privacy below decks, the amount of stowage space and the comfort or lack of it in a rolling sea. For the needs of my family, Mustang has been more than adequate. In a boat this size or smaller there are fewer worries under sail because there is less of everything aboard to worry about—and hence there is more fun. For instance, if the wind builds up suddenly, sails can be taken in without difficulty; if we have to reef (see page 38) we can get the job done in five or six minutes. A smaller boat is lighter, and thus easier to bring into a dock or mooring. Moreover, the smaller the boat, the less will be the effect of an error committed—and less skill and muscle will be needed to correct it.

I am also in favor of a simple sail

continued



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## REEF BEFORE THE BLOW

*Reefing on Mustang (shown at right and in sequence below) is done with before-and-aft sails, which make sail handling difficult. To reef (1) lead the leach pennant through the overhead pulley, then up through the leach reef cringle and down into the reef-location groove, which indicates the place along the boom where the pennant should then be lashed twice around. Run the long end of the pennant forward along the boom, through a fairlead, around a winch, and cleat it on the under side of the boom. At the same time, slack the tack downhaul and ease the manometer to take pressure off the sail and lower the mast halyard from 1½ to 2 times the depth of the reef. Lash down the haly to the gooseneck fitting at the forward end of the boom and haul the leach pennant as tight as it will go (2), so that the leach reef cringle is snug against the boom at the reef-location groove. Trim the manometer, bringing the boom in to reef points as accessible. Pass the leach lashing through the reef and clew cringles (3) and around the boom several times, make it fast to the reef triangle cannot rise up or creep forward.*



*Finally, roll up the slack in the sail, bring reef points over around the sail itself (twice around the boom) and tie with reef knots. Leeward side of the boom is shown in 4. When reefing is completed, rebait the sail, righting the downhaul and adjusting the manometer.*

*In heavy weather, new safety harnesses like the one above, which fits high on the chest, so a crewman going overboard is not dragged underwater on the safety line.*



## Cruising continued

plan in boats up to approximately 45 feet I tend to prefer a sloop, which has a single mast, only two working sails and hence fewer pieces of gear to worry about.

Once a man buys a boat, he should get to know it as fast and as thoroughly as possible. He should sail it frequently, learn the feel of it under various conditions and know all its working gear. I try to imagine what might happen with every piece of equipment aboard, prepare for the worst and then hope that

it won't happen. Unfortunately, it sometimes does.

One time in the 1952 Bermuda race, at about 2 a.m., I was below, dozing off in my bunk, when I was awakened by some choice comments from the helmsman, who had just discovered that the tiller had broken off in his hand. I had seen no reason to think it would break; there was nothing wrong with it when we started, but I had an extra one aboard

just in case. Within minutes, the new tiller was in place, and I was back in

my bunk. Without that spare tiller our chances for an early finish would have been sharply reduced.

The sensible skipper will be this thorough about all his gear. For example, every boat carries an anchor; many have two aboard. *Mustang* carries three anchors at all times. One is a Danforth, which holds well for its weight and is fine for normal conditions, but the heavier CQR plow anchor can be a little more reliable if wind and current make the boat circle the anchor. In deep wa-

*continued*





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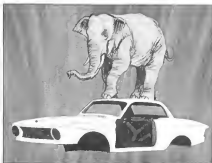
**3 Seven-soak rust protection goes down deep**

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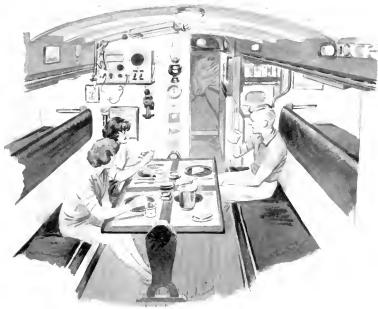
ter and a poor holding bottom the third anchor, the classical kedge, is put to work. Our anchor lines are nylon, which stretches and thus eases any jerking on the anchor. Just about every other piece of line on board is nonstretch Dacron. And all the lines are of synthetic materials, which won't rot and are stronger

and more durable than natural fiber. Despite their virtues, however, synthetic lines become temperamental with age. They tend to harden—which makes them difficult to coil or to keep on a cleat. When they get this old they must be replaced.

Hoisting sail on a cruising boat is ba-

sically the same as it is on a class boat, but there are a few extra precautions you should take. On a big boat it is particularly important to remember one of the fundamental principles of sailing, whatever goes up must come down, often in a considerable hurry. Halyards should be accurately and carefully marked to

*continued*



#### COMFORT BELOW DECKS

In Mustang's main cabin (above) the Stephens are enjoying a meal; their comfort and safety moved his attention to small details. When on a cruise, meals are taken with the boat lying securely at anchor whenever possible, not when it is bouncing around offshore. The dining table top pivots on gimbals, so that it remains level even though the boat may roll from side to side. A buffet counter (behind Rod Stephens) helps to eliminate unnecessary congestion when food is being prepared in the galley. The cabin's cardboard seats convert to sleeping bunks; the seats' backrests convert to bunk boards for the upper bunk (the lower bunks have sideboards, too—to prevent sleepers from being swept onto the floor when the boat is heeled). There is only one folding berth in the forecabin, but there are two quarter berths in the after cabin, where the boat's parking mooring is at a mooring. Above the main-cabin bunk, handrails run fore and aft

to give the crew something to hang onto in heavy seas when moving around below decks. An orderly storage system is another element of Mustang's comfort. Various animal charts are kept in racks that drop down on hinges above the bunks, and each rack is ruled so that a desired chart can be found quickly. On the bookshelf tucked away above the buffet are tide tables, books on celestial navigation and technical manuals for guidance on emergency repairs. Directly behind Beta's head is a magazine rack stacked with light reading for confining, rainy days. On each day's voyage coming below immediately sheds his wet foul-weather gear and stows it away in lockers close to the entry, so that it can be found readily next time it is needed. Quick storage helps prevent puddles from collecting on the floor. "Water below decks is miserable," says Stephens. "It dampens everything, including the spirits of all aboard."

I didn't  
catch the  
name. Gimlet?  
Of course.



That vodka, **Rose's  
Lime Juice**  
and ice thing.  
They tell me you  
have taste, charm  
and perfect form.  
So do I? Why,  
Gimlet, how gallant!

I just know  
we'll get along  
swimmingly.

Gin makes an equally tasteful Gimlet.  
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka  
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice.  
In an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.  
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND





### TAKING A BEARING WITH RDF

Using the radio direction finder to take a bearing on a beacon station, Stephen (above) listens for the signal tone. The tone rises and falls as he rotates the antenna. When he zeros in on a null signal—the moment of minimum intensity—he takes his bearing from an arrow that sweeps through a circle calibrated in degrees at the top of the antenna. The RDF antenna can be folded up against your cabin ceiling, as shown on page 42.



### PUMPING OUT THE BILGE

The bilge pump (above) should be hand-operated. An electric pump could be cut out just when most needed. Discharge should be kept above the water line (note dotted lines) to help prevent sea water from backing into the system. Light chain, which runs fore and aft through timber holes in the boat's floor timbers (see cutaway), can be pulled to clear the holes of obstructions, thus allowing bilge water to move freely to the pump suction.

show the maximum point to which they can be safely hoisted to guard against jamming aloft of the splice or terminal fittings. A few years back a friend of mine sailed into Price Bend at the end of a day's run on Long Island Sound. When he tried to drop the jib he found that it had jammed aloft. It took 30 minutes of skillful work, including a trip to the masthead, to get the sail down. And this was in a harbor. Had the same thing happened in a rough sea, it would have been beyond the capacity of the crew to handle the job. My friend's original mistake was in not having a halyard marking of light line—which can be seen in daylight and felt at night—to tell him when the halyard had been hoisted to its limit. His other error was in setting a sail too long for the jibstay, so that the end of the sail jammed in the sheave.

Chafing, both in running rigging and in sails, is a problem when the wind is blowing hard and the sea is rough. Aluminum or wooden roller sleeves on the shrouds will help both the rigging and the sails, but it is still wise to check periodically the four major points of chafing: where working jib sheets pass the main shrouds, where genoa sheets come over the lifelines, where the spinnaker guy goes by the shrouds and where the spinnaker sheets may come in contact with the main boom. Running backstays and the main boom topping lift should be set so they don't damage the stitching of the sails—on Dacron or nylon sails, the stitches lie exposed on the surface of the cloth. It is also a good idea to check over the lashings that secure the mainsail slides and headsail fittings that hold the sails in place. In a race off England three years ago, a hard gale hit; more than one boat had a sail blown out when the fittings let go.

You can display considerable courage in a storm, but I'd much rather do things the quiet, easy way. Storm sails (which should be aboard for any cruise overnight or longer) should be set early. Don't wait until the wind has blown the mainsail out; get it down, furl it on the boom and get the storm trysail up on the mast track as fast as possible. Set the storm jib—it should have its own sheets for quicker handling—and get the crew below, where it is, presumably, dry and warm.

The auxiliary engine and its fuel system should get the same cure as the sails and rigging. If the motor is not a diesel

the entire system must be kept free of gasoline fumes. The gas line should have a shutoff of the packless type. It should be closed every time the engine is stopped. This type of shutoff eliminates gas leakage around the stem of the valve. Fuel tanks—and water tanks as well—should have vents installed high up and as near the centerline of the boat as possible to keep to a minimum the chance of water or fuel spilling out if the boat is knocked down. It is preferable to have the water-tank vents below and the fuel-tank vents on deck, so gasoline fumes will dissipate in the open air. With a gasoline engine, a blower system is essential, but even with a blower, plus good natural ventilation, the best safety device is an assiduous nose sniffing for gas odor. And, despite all the modern gadgets that exist for measuring fluids, the best means ever invented to check your fuel and water level is an old-fashioned tank-sounding stick, notched to indicate the gallons and painted black so the liquid shows clearly.

In the evenings, and when bad weather comes in, much of the living aboard a boat is done below decks. This, too, can be a large part of the pleasure of cruising, provided it is done sensibly. In the relatively close confines of a sailboat's cabin there is nothing more unhappy than a hot, soggy crew. Good ventilators, partly opened hatches fitted with snug canvas covers to prevent leakage and a canopy over the companionway to let air in but keep water out are all essential. A well-thought-out cabin plan and a system for stowage are just as essential, to safety as well as comfort.

The layout and stowage arrangements in the main cabin are shown and discussed on page 42. Aft of the main cabin is a smaller compartment with two quarter berths which, besides being two more bunks for the crew, provide stowage space for sails, an inflatable life raft and the life jackets we always carry aboard. When small children are sailing on *Musawg*, however, those life jackets are not stowed; they are worn. A grown-up who is a poor swimmer will generally bob up right away if he falls overboard, but a small child is likely to keep going right on down. I learned this once from a friend whose small son fell off a club float. My friend knelt down to grab the boy when he came up—but he didn't. Happily, the youngster was pulled out in time, but this was an enlightening

continued



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flash unit  
built in!



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## TWO ANCHORS IN HEAVY CURRENTS

In shifting winds or currents, a boat may swing hard around a single anchor and work a knee. Under such conditions, Stephens puts out two anchors, as shown in the diagram above. To be effective, the anchors must be at least three boat lengths apart, with the current running between them and the boat line equidistant from each anchor. The rear end of the anchor line should then be lashed together securely with a toward and the boat allowed to lie back so that the lashing is in the water, well off the bow. The boat will then pivot without excess strain on anchors or chafing of lines in bow chocks.

## HANDLING THE DINGHY

Right and below, Rod and Bev Stephens show the correct way to put the boat's dinghy into the water. In the first step the dinghy is lifted upside down and balanced on the lifeline. Then Rod takes the stern strap, which bears most of the dinghy's weight, while Bev holds the bow painter and presses her knees against the lifeline for balance. The dinghy is tossed over and lowered slowly, not dropped with a splash. When the bottom touches the water, Rod lets go of the strap but Bev keeps hold of the painter. Note that an locker is secured to the stanchions (insert) so that they won't be lost overboard. They are stored in special canvas pockets when not in use.



## Cruising (continued)

experience and one that would have been fatal in deep water.

The after cabin also contains my navigator's tools—charts, dividers, parallel rules, reference books—and a lot of unglamorous little essentials like pencils and thumbtacks. I am very fussy about the details of navigation. I enter every change of course in Mustang's log, and on coastal cruises, when there is any distance between buoys, I take bearings to keep careful and constant track of the boat's position. I log can move in very quickly along the coast, and that last bearing can be the difference between being on course when it lifts and being lost completely. One bright, clear night during the 1956 Block Island Race, I had come topside to relax a little and, because I am in the habit of taking bearings at night, I got a cross bearing from several distant lights. Not more than 10 minutes later we were completely blanketed in fog, but that bearing, taken so close to the fog's onset, gave us an accurate position from which we could find Block Island without having to grope for it. The bearing, incidentally, was the reason we won the race.

The space immediately forward of the main cabin (just past my right shoulder in the drawing on page 42) is taken up by the galley. In a relatively small boat like ours, where electrical cooking is impractical, I prefer an alcohol stove. But no stove, regardless of type, should ever be left without someone tending to it. One last word on the galley—we don't keep a fire extinguisher there. If a galley fire should break out we don't want the only nearby extinguisher caught in the flames. Therefore we keep an extinguisher in the head, immediately adjacent to the galley, and one in every other compartment.

I haven't said much about handling a cruising boat under sail. The operating principles are essentially the same in cruising sailboats and the small class boats Lowell North discussed in Part II of this series. The sensible attitude described by William Collins in Part I and the firm respect for the sea that Eugene Marron spelled out in Part III apply to boats like Mustang as much as they do to outboards and power cruisers. All these principles are fundamental to boating enjoyment and, together with the concern for details which I have discussed, are the primary means to better—and more pleasurable—cruising.

END



## Flight Deck!

The first time you slip into the cockpit of Galaxie 500/XL, brace yourself: you're about to soar away from the world of the ordinary car. Flick the key; one of Galaxie's live V-8's will speak to you—and there is the unmistakable hint of thunder under its velvety murmur.

Drop your palm to the console-mounted selector lever, under that husky knob lies the precision of a four-speed floor shift, optional in 500/XL's top four engines (or with

three of these V-8's, the flexibility of Cruise-O-Matic Drive). Then slip it in first, unleash an inch of throttle and hold on!—for 500/XL sears down a concrete strip like a Sabre-jet bent for the stratosphere. And for those who'd like to hurdle mountains as easily as they cross plateaus, there's the scorching thrust of 500/XL's optional 405 hp engine.

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while their passengers enjoy a contoured rear seat with deep-pleated vinyls. 500/XL offers a choice of seven supple, tasteful interior trim combinations, too.

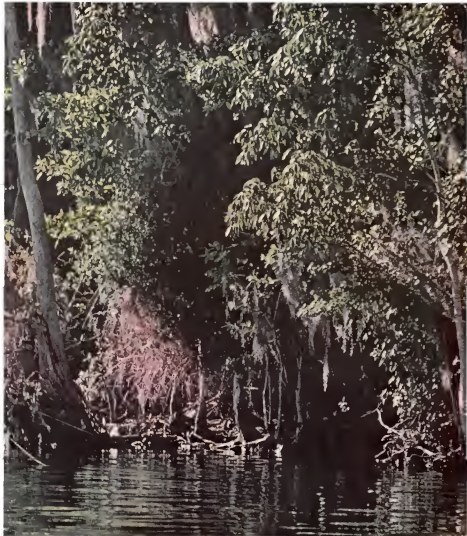
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**A STRANGE AND LOVELY**



# STREAM

Photograph by Richard Meek

*From its lush, subtropic source, the St. Johns River flows north through Florida, bearing with it islands of floating water hyacinths and schools of fat bass. In places wider than the Nile, the river provides a delightful playground for the angler and the casual vacationer. Turn page for Martin Kane's story*



# SASSY BASS AMONG THE HYACINTHS

BY MARTIN KANE

Rising inscrutably from a maze of bogs, springs, marshes and creeks and emerging at last out of a lake called Helen Blazes, where islands float mysteriously, flowing through a land that once knew the lion and the hippopotamus, as well as a race of giant pre-Indian men, the American continent's finest largemouth bass river proceeds slowly northward, confusing the stranger who thinks of downstream as south, upstream as north. It takes a bit of determined self-orientation to get used to it. Along the river's perverse course it occasionally becomes as wide as the Nile or the Mississippi, but no one who lives on its banks thinks that this is anything to remark about, since, after all, it contains so many other wonders. Finally, after quietly making its point, which is that it is the strangest stream that we know in our country, and one of the most beautiful in all the world, it empties prosaically into the Atlantic Ocean, just east of Jacksonville, Fla.

Exploring Frenchmen called it the River of May, the Spaniards knew it as the San Mateo, and no one knows for certain how it became the St. Johns River, except for speculation that this may derive from San Juan del Puerto, a Franciscan mission that once was established near its mouth, though the historians don't seem to know just when. One does know this: that it contains in all but satiating numbers some of the most superb specimens of the Florida largemouth bass that ever have been taken—magnificently conditioned fish, fiercely eager for bait or lure, gifted with artifice and muscle and as determined to defeat a fisherman as bass have ever been. In some other waters really big bass fight with a ponderous sluggishness, with mere reluctance to be taken. In the St. Johns they fight to drag you out of the boat.

*Along the edge of a large floating, flowering island of hyacinths, a fisherman battles one of St. John's fat and vigorous largemouths*

"Come on up an' ring de bell!" the Negro guide exhorts. A massive bass shoots obediently out of his deep hole, crashes through the surface and, with bell-like mouth extended in an improbable yawn, shakes himself from side to side in a dingdong battle against plug, line, rod and you. If he fails to break something that way he sounds deep, swerving inexorably toward a tangle of cypress roots or weeds. Stop him before he reaches his submarine jungle and he will likely jump again, perhaps as many as two or three times. Fail to stop him and you have lost a prize.

No need for weeping, though. The river is full of his peers and so are tributaries like the Oklawaha River, emptying into the northern end of Little Lake George, one of 10 major lakes through which the St. Johns passes on its eccentric 300-mile journey to the sea. You may wander up the Oklawaha or Salt Springs Run to find good bass fishing, and on Salt Springs you will see such fresh-water oddities as mullet and blue claw crabs of surprising size, though the run is about 100 miles upstream from the ocean. The water of Salt Springs is only moderately salty—it is, in fact, potable—but it suits these ocean creatures well enough.

In stretches of these two tributaries the water is so clear that you may sometimes see the bass take the lure, then enjoy not only the sight of his surge to the top but a fine view of his underwater fight as well. On a sunny winter afternoon on the Oklawaha it was fascinating to study a 4-pound bass which had decided that one particular blue catfish out of a drowsing dozen was his special pigeon, though the cat looked like all the others in the school. The catfish did have one peculiarity, though. He wanted to move about instead of lying in the hypnotic state that seemed to afflict the others. The bully bass singled him out, therefore, and insistently drove him back into the cat community whenever he ventured out of it. The bass didn't want to eat him; he just wanted to keep him in line. It was very like watching a good collic tend sheep.

*continued*

Quite possibly the incident helps explain why bass strike those improbable lures. They are a fish who seem to resent anything that departs from normal patterns of design or behavior. A strange wiggle, a floundering on the surface, a limping, hesitant movement of a lure along the bottom, a plastic worm that is colored bright blue instead of a decent anglo-mer brown—these are what put bass in a dudgeon and what they hang themselves on.

Whatever the ecology of the St. Johns may be—and it seems not to have been studied too thoroughly—it is certainly among the most fertile producers of largemouths anywhere, as well as pickerel, crappies, bluegills and other panfish. It is not always easy to take a limit of 10 bass there, but it is always difficult to be skunked. Clue No. 1 to this fertility, perhaps, is the water hyacinth, lavender-flowered rafts of which drift with the winds and current, nestle along lee shores where there is a windbreak of trees and pile up on the windward side when there isn't. These wandering islands—quite different from the more substantial floating islands of Lake Helen Blazes—block channels and foul propellers unless they are negotiated with caution. They are obnoxious to boatmen who don't care about fishing. They are a blessing to the man who wants to take bass. The tangled roots of the hyacinth make a natural net to trap the passive plankton on which small bait-fish feed, and on which the bass feeds in his turn.

The great nuisance of the Chicago World's Fair of 1933-34 was the spate of fan dancers it spawned. What the New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1884 spawned was the water hyacinth. Brought to the fair from Venezuela as a curiosity, its blossoms attracted a gentle Brooklyn lady of the old school who had a winter home on the banks of the St. Johns near Palatka. She brought some hyacinth plants back from the exposition, saw them flourish in her private pond, then decided, with gracious naïveté, to decorate the river she loved. By 1894 the hyacinths were decorating some 50 million acres of the St. Johns and threatening to choke off a very profitable riverboat traffic in lumber and tourists. In the ensuing 68 years the federal government has spent hundreds of thousands to keep the river clear for navigation. It is still spending, and it will continue to spend forever, for the water hyacinth is as ineradicable as those other pesky immigrants, the starling and the nutria. No effort is made now to destroy it utterly, since that would be impossible, and in any case, when properly controlled, it is an attractive nuisance. It is attractive to the eye and to the bass, which uses it as both cover and hunting ground.

Aside from the water hyacinth, there are other basic reasons for the river's fertility. It is shallow, with a very slow current, and light-loving weeds grow plentifully everywhere, with nothing but an occasional storm to disturb them. These weeds, too, contain extraordinary quantities of plankton.

Despite the land booms of recent years—and river frontage now is very expensive—much of the St. Johns valley still retains the illusion of jungle wildness, almost the wildness of the post-Civil War days that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings wrote about in *The Yearling*, when Jody Buxter and his pet fawn, Flag, roamed the country around the western shores of Lake George. Should you make your fishing base just south of Lake George, at Astor, where accommodations

are good and the guides first-rate, talk fishing, hunting and hound dogs with the people you meet. You will then understand that not all of what Miss Rawlings wrote about has yet died. The old Indian trading post of Volusia, where Jody and his father went to swap hides for supplies, is gone and the big steamboats loaded with Yankee tourists and trade goods no longer ply the river, but Jody's Juniper Creek, just a bit northwest of Cross Creek—another of Miss Rawlings' discoveries—still flows into the southwestern end of Lake George. The country one sees from much of the river remains little changed from the days when Timucuan Indians hunted along it with arrows tipped with turquoise. So long as it remains this way the St. Johns will be a river of unusual beauty.

**I**ts beauty derives not only from the water hyacinths but from the constantly varying loveliness of its banks. Sometimes, where the river widens into one of its many lakes, the banks are far away, only dimly seen through sunrise mists, and sometimes they press close on either side as the contrarily changing stream narrows suddenly to flow between brilliant, sweet-scented orange groves, live oaks draped with Spanish moss, towering cypresses, bay trees, ash, hickory, palmetto, sweet gums and water maples. In winter the gray of the moss may be illuminated here and there by clusters of holly berries. The green parakeets of the early days are gone now along with the passenger pigeon, but there still are hawks and sapsuckers, whippoorwills, mocking birds and curlews, wild turkey, wood ducks and quail. In nesting season tens of thousands of white ibis, as many as 50,000 of them in some years, cover the waters of Lake Washington, where they subsist on crawfish, minnows and, provisionally, small water mecostrans.

From Astor south the bass achieve their bragging size in greatest numbers, but there are fine fish to be had, too, at such concentrations of fishing camps to the north as Fruitland, Welaka and Palatka. In such areas the shores are lined with fishing camps, motels, hotels and boat liveries, many of them excellently equipped and some even offering such refinements as cocktail lounges, where a record bass lurks in every third Martini, but always gets away. There are those who will tell you, quite soberly, that the 30-year-old record of 22 pounds 4 ounces (made in Montgomery Lake, Ga.) will yet be surpassed in the St. Johns and that such record bass have, in fact, escaped many times just by smushing terminal tackle. My own 7½-pounder, taken on a recent expedition, was hefted with courteous congratulations at the dock, but only because I seemed to be expecting congratulations. It takes a fish of 12 pounds or so to collect a small crowd. I do believe that I lost a much bigger bass because I was disrespectful enough to start out with light spinning tackle. For the big ones in the weeds the minimum requirement is a bait-casting rod equipped with line of at least 15 pounds test. If you are not out for the really big bass but would be content with three times your limit of 3-pounders every day, then spinning tackle and August are best. At that time the young bass are schooling on Lake George, feeding on small shad. Standing in the bow of your boat on a clear day when the water is good and flat, you can detect the surface flurry of the



feasting bass. If you can race your boat to the spot before those particular shad, about the size of an ordinary streamer, are wiped out or scattered, you have a wonderful opportunity to take fish on every cast.

As for the hunkers, they are there the year round but must be sought by more subtle methods of reading the water. The most efficient way to read strange water is to bring along a translator, a native guide who will lead you to the best spots. The guides I encountered in an exploration of the river's upper reaches were all first-rate—quiet, informative men.

Artificial lures are quite productive except in the hyacinth beds. These call inexorably for live bait. The bait of choice is a large shiner, five or six inches long, because if you use bait it is assumed you are going out for big bass and big bass do like the big shiners. The hyacinth patch is approached to within casting distance, from which the shiner is delivered to the edge of the patch and allowed to run free. In its crude way, this is a stratagem, because the free-running shiner ducks instinctively into the dark water under the hyacinths, seeking shelter. There, waiting for him, is that big bass you want so much. The live bait works fine, therefore, but casting an artificial lure up to the edge of the hyacinths is likely to be fruitless because the lure cannot be persuaded to go forward and down, which is necessary if you are to get it under the raft where the fish are. Nor can you, as in fishing lily pads, cast a weedless lure onto the top of the vegetation and skitter it back to you with any hope of inducing a bass to leap through the top. There is not enough water on top to produce a skitter, and the roots of the hyacinth plants are so thickly interwoven that no fish could penetrate them. The angler who insists on fishing with lures among the hyacinths has but one recourse. He can station his boat at the end of a stretch of hyacinth and cast parallel to the raft, as close as he can manage, retrieving his lure along the edge while trusting that somewhere over the route a bass will be close enough to see and desire the plug.

From March 1 to June 1, it is generally agreed, bass fishing is best along the St. Johns. The spawning season runs from late March to late May. At that time the fish are on the grass beds, easily found and easily provoked. The August schooling season might be the most fun for many fishermen, even though the school bass run mostly to middling size, just because it is exciting to track them down by sight. It's a matter of personal preference. The fact is that any time of year is good by comparison with most other parts of the U.S., and there is no closed season. So far there has seemed to be no need for a closed season. The St. Johns produces bass as fast as the fishermen take them out.

It is a fine, romantic, sporting river, rich in a history of smuggling, piracy and slave trading, massacres and murders during the days when Spanish explorers, French colonizers, English planters and American frontiersmen fought over it. It is easy to understand why Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a letter to George Eliot, called it "the beautiful, grand St. Johns," and why that persistent fisherman, Grover Cleveland, shrewdly persuaded his bride that it was just the place to spend a honeymoon. Any angler would agree. **END**



## ST. JOHNS TRAVEL FACTS

From bogs and creeks around isolated Blue Cypress Lake, the St. Johns flows north to Jacksonville. Lake George has plenty of camps for traveling anglers. Welaka has at least eight good places, of which Sportsman's Lodge and Anderson Lodge are the best. In Fruitland, Camp George and St. Johns Lodge are recommended. Near Palatka, in San Mateo, the best place is Horse Landing Camp. In Astor the writer stayed at Hall's Fishing and Hunting Lodge. Prices are fairly standard, with a single cabin costing about \$35 per week and a double \$65, no meals included. Boats are \$2 to \$4 per day, motorboats \$5 to \$8.50, and a fishing guide charges \$12 a day. Camp dining rooms will cook your catch, and bass fresh out of the water is good enough for anyone. But if you want to vary the fare, try the Sportsman's Restaurant on Florida Highway 40, near Astor, which is rated tops in the area.

## Birth of a new dynasty

Oregon was so strong in the NCAA championships it could have won with only sophomores and juniors

The collegiate track strength of the U.S. was concentrated in the southern tip of the long, green Willamette Valley in Oregon last week as 90 colleges came to the small town of Eugene to determine which had the best team in the nation. A block from the stadium in which they competed, trailer trucks hauled long, fat Douglas fir logs to be cut into timber; until this weekend, lumber had been the principal industry of this small, relaxed town.

USC'S JAN SIKORSKY WINS THE JAVELIN



But by the time the National Collegiate Track and Field championships were over it seemed that the principal industry of Eugene must be the production of runners. The home team, the University of Oregon, won, you might say, in a walk. It scored 85 points, more than the two other track powers, the University of Southern California and Villanova, put together.

Much of the credit for the overwhelming Oregon victory must go to aerobic, dedicated Bill Bowerman, who coaches the Oregon track team. He has developed a track dynasty at the University of Oregon, which will very likely dominate U.S. collegiate track-and-field competition for the next decade. Evidence of the continuing strength of this Oregon team is that only 30 of the points it scored were made by seniors—it could have won the intercollegiate championship with sophomores and juniors. The only point winners who will leave the Oregon campus are Dyrol Burleson, the superb miler who won 10 points with a rather torturous victory in the mile run, and Jerry Tarr, the best hurdler in the world today, who won 20 points with violent, irresistible efforts in the 120-yard high hurdles and the 440-yard hurdles.

Tarr is one of the few members of the Oregon team who is not a native Oregonian; he comes from Bakersfield, Calif. He played football for Bakersfield Junior College and came to Oregon on his coach's recommendation that Oregon was the best college for a combination end and runner. He is a big man for a hurdler, a small man for an offensive end and a tough man at both. His teammates call him Tiger, and rightfully. He had, for instance, run the 440-yard hurdles only once in his life before this meet, and worked on the event only because he thought he might be able to add a few precious points for Oregon in what was supposed to be a death struggle with perennially powerful USC.

So, in the finals Saturday, Tarr came

within six-tenths of a second of equaling the world record, and won by a comfortable 15 yards. "The first time I ran that distance, I didn't know what I was doing," he said later. "I had my steps all wrong. I was taking 17 steps between the hurdles. Bill said that was too many. Today I counted the steps between the hurdles and cut them to 15, and I had no trouble." Nor did he have any trouble winning his specialty, the high hurdles, in 13.5 seconds.

Tarr's double victory (the first at these distances in the history of the collegiate track championships) overshadowed the performances of two more fine Oregon athletes—Burleson, running his last mile as a collegian, and the young Canadian sprinter, Harry Jerome, who won the 220 and finished second to Villanova's Frank Budd in the 100.

Burleson, thinking he might have to come back to compete in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, ran an odd, whimsical mile. He spurred from the gun, dropped back, spurred again, lagged behind, kicked briefly, fell back again and finally kicked down the last straight to outrun Southern Illinois' English import—William Cornell—to the wire. Burleson won in 3:59.8, a meet record, but 2.2 seconds off his own best time.

Burleson, recently married, said after the race that he may not compete in the AAU championships next week at Walnut, Calif. "I've got to work and make some money this summer," he said. If Burley decides to skip the AAU championships in Walnut, he will disappoint most of America's track followers, who have been looking forward for a year to his next meeting with Jim Beatty.

But all the rest of the winners in Eugene will go to the AAU championships. The first two place winners at Walnut will represent the U.S. in the coming dual meets with the U.S.S.R. and Poland—and many of the third- and fourth-place winners will make trips to Europe on the various touring U.S. teams scheduled for overseas appearances.

But, the summer behind them, the collegians will have to redirect their attentions to Eugene, not only next year but probably for some time to come. "Men of Oregon," said Bowerman, rather grandly addressing his team after it had won the NCAA championship, "five hundred colleges began this year hoping to do what you have accomplished this afternoon. We may not be able to do it next year—but we may, too, if we work hard. The best is yet to come."

END

## The master teaches the teachers

**Charles Goren gives a three-day bridge lesson in New York and mixes charm with sound advice**

Mrs. Olive Peterson was completing her lecture on the transfer bid when she spotted a man edging his way up the side aisle toward the stage. He was wearing a blue coat, gray pants and cuff links decorated with clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades.

"You want to come up here now, boss?" Mrs. Peterson called to him. Charles Goren turned to the audience, many of whom were gray-haired ladies. "Well, does anybody want me?" he yelled. A loud squeal filled the room.

This was part of a three-day brush-up course which Goren and his associates held at the Plaza Hotel in New York City last week for teachers and players. Over 140 people attended, they came from such faraway states as California and Mississippi. For their \$75 entry fee they heard the latest word on such bridge subtleties as cue bids, end plays and upperscuts, played a few boards of duplicate and took a final exam. But most of them were there to see and hear the master, Charles Goren, and last week the master was at his debonair best.

Hardly had Goren mounted the stage when a thin lady wearing a pale-blue dress rose from her seat. "Mr. Goren," she said, "may I rise and ask everyone else to rise and thank you for the wonderful time we're having?" The audience rose and applauded loudly. Goren smiled and said this was like the hostess who was complimented by her guests for a delicious meal. "I didn't do the cooking," he said. "My associates did." There was more applause for the associates. Then Goren got down to work. An aide scribbled a hand on the blackboard. He also put down some bidding.

"The bidding has gone as follows," said Goren, "and now we must bid again. What should we say? I hear 'two no trump.' O.K. Three spades? All right."

From the back of the room a man shouted six spades. Goren blinked



STANDING BEFORE HIS BLACKBOARD, THE MASTER REHASHES A DUPLICATE HAND

"You are a man of courage," he said.

A lady near the front suggested four no trump. "What did you say?" asked Goren. "What, what?"

The lady decided that maybe she had meant three no trump. "Ah," said Goren, smiling. "We're in love again."

When another person offered a fifth bid, Goren shook his head. "No," he said. "We're just common people from the country. That kind of bid is for the big stage people."

After a half hour Goren turned the class over to an associate who told the audience that copies of a new Goren teaching manual were now available for \$25. He also announced a cruise to the Caribbean, part of the "Travel-with-Goren" program. "The passengers will all be bridge players," he said. "There will be games every night except on those nights we're in port. And if there are enough people who don't wish to go ashore, we may have some bridge on those nights, too."

It was time for a coffee break. Goren, cup in hand, assumed a position by a window overlooking Central Park and was immediately surrounded by the ladies.

"Mr. Goren," said one of them. "I hate to take up your valuable time. My partner bid one no trump and my right-hand opponent jumped to four spades. I held . . ." She described her hand, a powerful one.

"I'd cue-bid five spades," Goren said. "But that's getting up so high," the lady said. Goren smiled and looked out at the park.

"How old do you think I am?" another lady asked abruptly. Goren studied her. "I'd guess 63," he said. The lady looked happy. "I'm 68 and I have 19 grandchildren," she said. Goren nodded.

"The mayor of Quebec has 24," he said. When the coffee break ended, Goren flopped into an easy chair. He looked tired. "A lady wants me to talk to her bridge group in the South," Goren told his secretary. "She asked me how much I charge. I told her, 'Honey, you haven't got that kind of money, but I might do it as a labor of love.'"

Presently Goren got up from his chair. "Back to work," he said. He crossed the room and disappeared into the hall. A minute later there was a loud burst of applause from the lecture room, followed shortly by the sound of laughter. **END**

again with just four minutes remaining to win it. Later the Brazilians celebrated, not in the O'Higgins but in the Miramar, where Spain was staying. While the Spaniards huddled in their rooms, the Brazilians threw furniture all over the lobby, pounded on doors and kept everyone awake most of the night.

Meanwhile, at Arica, the Russians beat Yugoslavia, their toughest competition according to forecasts, by a 2-0 score in the opening game. But later, while Yugoslavia breezed ahead, the Russians began to flounder. Leading poor little Colombia 4-1, the Russian defense collapsed. So did the famed goalkeeper, Lev Yashin. Colombian kicks began to whistle past his ears as the South Americans scored three goals in eight minutes. At this point someone yelled Stalingrad and the Russians held. Three days later they reached the quarterfinals with a 2-1 victory over Uruguay on a goal scored in the last minute of play.

Somehow all the favorites had advanced, if Chile could be counted in this group, but it was hard to see how Chile could hope to go further. "Football is not very logical," hopefully reported *El Mercurio*, *The New York Times* of Chile, "and maybe a miracle will occur against Russia." Said *El Siglo*, the Communist sheet: "We have a chance." No one was exactly sure which team *El Siglo* was talking about.

But Chile beat Russia 2-1. "We decided on two tactics," said the Chilean coach, Fernando Riera. "To go all out on the attack, immediately. Then if we could score, we would drop back and try to protect that one goal." The Chileans also thought that they had detected a flaw in Lev Yashin's supposedly flawless goalkeeping technique. "You cannot beat him up high," said Riera. "He catches everything. We decided to keep all shots as low as possible, hopefully along the ground."

So the Chileans attacked, furiously. And at 11 minutes Leonel Sanchez, the outside left, kicked a ball from 40 yards into the Russian goal so hard that it parted two strands of the net. Bombs went off in the stands and a roar went up that could have been heard in Lima. The only trouble was that Chile could not hold the lead. Russia scored at 27 minutes. So back Chile went on the attack as if the players really had been doped. Led by Eladio Rojas, their swept

onto the Russian goal and in one minute had scored again. Rojas joined Leonel Sanchez and Arturo Prat as a name for the ages in Chile by booting in the goal. Then all 11 men went on defense, and did stop Russia the rest of the way.

That night great masses of people paraded through downtown Santiago until 4 o'clock in the morning, dancing, cheering, screaming, waving flags and dumping paper streamers along Ahumada Street until the place looked like Pittsburgh the night after Bill Mazeroski hit his home run. In fact, it was so much fun that the Chileans returned the next night to do it all over again.

In somewhat less exciting circumstances, the other three semifinalists had been decided the same day. Yugoslavia beat Germany 1-0 at Santiago. In Rancagua, Czechoslovakia beat Hungary 1-0 by virtue of one sharp, well-executed offensive thrust, followed by the almost unbelievable goalkeeping of Schroff.

At Viña, in place of Pelé, the Brazilians turned loose Manoel Francisco dos Santos, who is happily called Garrincha (after a small, swift Brazilian bird) and is perhaps the fastest soccer player in the world. Only 5 feet 6 inches tall, Garrincha has a right leg two inches shorter than his left. The latter, as if to compensate, is bowed like a hoop. At birth, it was said that Garrincha could never walk, but unfortunately for Brazil's folk, he somehow learned to run. Sometimes it seems that he runs in all directions at once. "He wobbles so much," said England's Jimmy Greaves, "that even when he comes at you to shake your hand, you don't know which way he's going." Garrincha is 27 years old, and his popularity in Brazil is equal even to that of Pelé. Among his fans are seven daughters. "I can outrun everyone but the stork," he says.

He certainly outran the English. He ran around them and under them and between them, dribbling the ball as if it was attached to his feet with adhesive tape. He scored twice, once with a header, once with a vicious kick past the fine English goalie, Ronald Springett. The Brazilians won 3-1, and far away, in a church in the nation's capital of Brasília, parishioners pulled their transistor radio plugs from their ears, smiled happily and turned their attention back to High Mass.

"Yes, Garrincha is a wonderful player," said the Brazilian coach, Aymore Moreira, after the game, "but we still miss Pelé. No one else is like him in the

world. Garrincha plays only three notes, do, re, mi. He plays them well but Pelé plays the whole scale, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do. And he plays each note better than anyone else."

"Pelé sounds like Willie Mays," suggested a visitor.

"Willie who?" said Moreira.

And so, for Chile, it came down to the big game against Brazil. The other semifinalist passed almost unnoticed in Viña, where the Czechs beat the Yugoslavs 3-1. The Czechs threw up their deadly defense once more, forced the Yugoslavs into numerous errors, then capitalized on the resulting confusion by scoring two quick, deciding goals in the last 10 minutes of play. The three goals were as many as Czechoslovakia had scored in its four previous games, and there were soccer experts who decided then that the Czechs were going to give Brazil all it could handle in the finals. Maybe more. And of course Brazil was going to be in the finals. Even the Chileans had to admit this.

For Chile, it was almost a shame that everyone was right.

Brazil won, and again Garrincha was the executioner. Fast as always, the little man scored after only nine minutes of play. Then he scored again at 32 minutes. The Chileans managed a goal just before half time but after only three minutes of the second half Brazil went ahead again by two. Garrincha sent a perfect corner kick sailing across the mouth of the Chilean goal and Vavá, leaping high into the air, headed the ball into the net. The final score was 4-2, and the people of Santiago did not parade down Ahumada Street that night. Not even the thrilling consolation victory over Yugoslavia three days later, when Rojas kicked the only goal with less than a minute to play, could quite console the Chileans for what might have been.

"When the sadness goes away," said Alberto Cassorla, "the people will begin to realize what a wonderful thing has happened. Chile would never have progressed so far if the championships had been played in Europe. But here, at home, the team received the great enthusiasm of the crowds and they began to play better than they are capable. We never really had a chance against Brazil," he admitted, "but then we never had a chance against Russia either. Actually maybe we should have lost to Italy. But if we had, the World Cup this year would not have been nearly so much fun, would it?"

END

## DODGERS

Continued from page 10

typified by the "Hero of the Day Club." After the Dodgers win, Utility Infielder Andy Carey watches the photographers take the standard cliché pictures and then, with a Polaroid camera of his own, sets up a satirical picture. Recently, after Sandy Koufax had pitched a three-hitter against the Braves and hit a home run to win his own game 2-1, the photographers had Koufax kiss his bat. After the photographers had left the dressing room the players gathered around Koufax as Carey set up a shot of Koufax holding on to 15 bats, his hat tilted sideways and falling to the floor. "When Koufax hits a home run," said Carey, "he's got to be the hero of the day." In his entire baseball career Koufax had never hit a homer in the big leagues, the Little League or even at a B'nai B'rith picnic.

While the Dodgers have speed and spirit, they also have a problem. Two of their starters, Johnny Podres (18-5 in 1961) and Stan Williams (15-12) have been able to complete only three of 24 starts. Podres is not getting his pitches low enough and Podres is a pitcher who is effective only when his pitches are low.

Williams, although his record is 6-3, hasn't completed a game in almost two months. Don Drysdale, on the other hand, has stopped his temper tantrums and has already won 10 games while losing only four. "When somebody gets

a hot off him now," says Milwaukee's Henry Aaron, "he doesn't stomp his foot around on the mound like he used to." Koufax (9-2) and Relief Pitchers Ron Perranoski, Ed Roehuck and Larry Sherry (combined record 11-2) have been outstanding.

The Dodgers are the only major contenders for the National League pennant who have not suffered a losing streak of five or more games since the season began, although at various times they have looked horrendous, losing ball games by scores of 19-8, 14-0, 13-1 and 15-2. "Each time we have lost like that," says Manager Alston, "we have bounced right back. That's what I like about this club." Playing so steadily, the team has lost only two series since the season began.

With the Davis boys in the outfield—Tommy in left and Willie in center—Alston can put either Wally Moon, Duke Snider or Frank Howard in right field; not many ball teams are equipped with such powerful bench strength. The team's three catchers—Roseboro, Norm Sherry and Doug Camilli—average only 28 years of age.

So the picture is bright in Los Angeles, where past frustrations have dogged the populace and endangered Walter Alston's job almost annually. If Podres and Williams suddenly round into form, no team will beat the Dodgers for the pennant this year. But win or lose, they will be running all the way. **END**



MAURY WILLS SLIDES SAFELY INTO SECOND BASE AHEAD OF THE CATCHER'S THROW

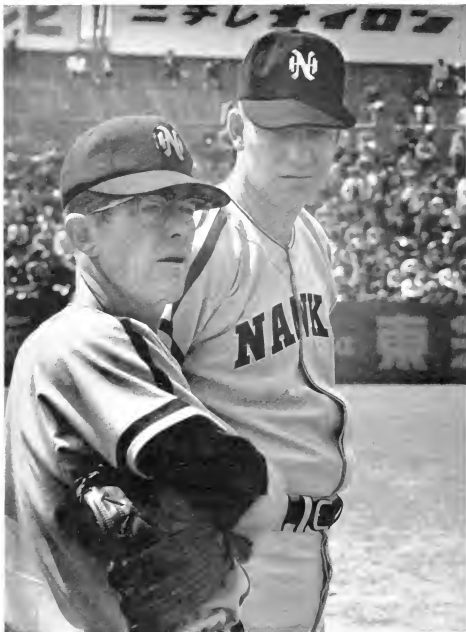
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# A YANK IN JAPAN

BY DONALD S. CONNERY

*After years of frustration in the minors, Joe Sanka pitched his ball club to the pennant. He became a national hero. But it was not quite the classic movie script—his team was the Nankai Hawks of Osaka. His story is also one of awesome determination and delicate international relations*

**T**he low point in the life of Joe Sanka came when he chalked up an earned run average of nine, pitching in Class D ball down in Oklahoma, and got optioned to the Duncan Utts. Joe remembers the ERA with a kind of wry pride because he looked up the pitching records the next year to see if there was anybody in the whole of organized baseball who had topped (or bottomed) him for that season. He found that he ranked 26th from the bottom among the 3,500-odd pitchers in the minor leagues. As for what happened with the Duncan Utts, he says, "How can you win with a name like that? The guy who owned the club was Otto Utts. He thought the team should be named after himself. The night games were murder. Seven light poles, each with a 300- or 400-watt bulb. We had to wade through grass."

The lights are fine where Joe is playing now, and his earned run average has been highly satisfactory. He often pitches before giant crowds in beautiful major league parks. A national television figure, he is one of the best known

of Americans to millions of baseball fans, a target for autograph hounds, a man so famous that on one occasion when he stopped in a furniture factory on some personal business he was recognized by the workmen and production stopped dead. He was a hero of last year's pennant race, pitching in four games in the big series, and has become one of the best-paid ballplayers in the country. The only trouble is the country is Japan.

Most Americans never heard of Joe Sanka. He is considered the best of the 20 Americans who are playing in the two Japanese major leagues: the Pacific and the Central. The 12 teams in these two leagues last year drew 8,718,000 enthusiasts to their games, a few thousand short of the total National League attendance in the U.S. Joe's team is the pennant-winning and perennially popular Nankai Hawks of Osaka, in the Pacific League. He lives with his wife Jean and their three children in a hillside house at the foot of Mount Rokko, just above Kobe and close to Osaka. Three

of the six Pacific League teams are located in the Osaka-Kobe area, where some 6 million Japanese are concentrated. It is a 50-minute trip from Joe's home to Nankai Stadium, the Hawks' ball park, and about an hour to the stadiums of the other two Pacific League teams in the area, so Joe travels to most of the games each season merely by taking the subway or a short train ride. He is a 220-pound, 6-foot 5-inch athlete with a friendly pink face, sandy hair, clear blue eyes and an air of cool, quiet authority, all of which makes him an extremely conspicuous *gaijin*, or foreigner, among the baseball fanatics who are his fellow subway passengers.

In the clubhouse, where the other members of the Hawks treat him with friendly deference and consideration and the Hawks' road secretary, who speaks English, acts as interpreter, Joe Sanka is also an extremely conspicuous ballplayer. He towers so far over the rest of the team that he sometimes looks as though he had been optioned to the Little League. And on the field, when the

*continued*

*During mound conference, Joe wears pained expression native to pitchers everywhere*



Joe Stanka, who says American ballplayers in Japan must be diplomatic, forgets his

## YANK IN JAPAN continued

Hawks are playing the Hankyu Braves or the Nishitetsu Lions. Joe would be exceptional among Japanese pitchers even if he weren't so tall. Japanese pitching runs to sidarm and submarine work. This makes Joe's full overhand delivery, coming from such a height, all the more difficult for the Japanese batter and, incidentally, makes him seem even more than ever a giant to the fans. Tourists who drift into a baseball game at Namba Stadium in Osaka these days are startled to see the mighty frame and beaming Occidental face of Joe Stanka rising above his Japanese teammates—though Japanese ballplayers are generally 5 feet 10 or so, tall by Oriental standards.

Americans, however, rarely see Joe Stanka pitch, and few of them—outside of Oklahoma—have ever heard of him. If they have, they think of him as a big fish in a small pond. But for a baseball player, what a pond Japan has become! "I know we drew 250,000 to 500,000 people in the street," Casey Stengel told an enthralled Senate hearing a few years back, describing a Yankee postseason trip to Japan, "in which they stood in front of the automobiles, not on the sidewalks." Japan is, in every respect, a baseball-mad country. Little kids play baseball *jokya*—in the rice fields.

Workers keep their baseball mitts in their lockers and bolt their lunch in order to get in enough time for *Aetchohara*, American baseball expressions have been adopted intact (except for a brief chauvinistic period during the war, when Japanese substitutes were used), but Japanese pronunciation gives them a flavor of their own, "*Praj barra*" the umpire shouts, and the broadcasters start jabbering about *striku!* *safu!* *outu!* and *homo ran!* White-jacketed vendors hustle about the stands selling *safu drinku*, *Pepasi-Coru*, *ice creamu* and cold hot dogs, not to mention peanuts, popcorn and the local equivalent of Cracker Jack. Almost every Japanese factory has its own baseball team. No *gesha* party seems complete without a bit of foolishness known as the baseball dance. In the springtime people by the thousands pay money to watch the intrasquad games of their favorite teams. The season opens early in April, and tens of thousands of fanatically loyal followers of the Flyers, Hawks, Giants, Tigers, Buffaloes, Dragons, Swallows, Whales and Carps fill the parks day after day until the season ends in October, and the Japan Series, between the pennant winners of the Central and the Pacific leagues, settles the championship of Japan. The work pace

of the nation slows to a shuffle as television and radio carry the games to the most remote rice hamlet and fishing village. College baseball, played in both the spring and fall seasons, draws crowds up to 60,000, gets full radio-television coverage and raises so much national blood pressure that it can only be compared to big-time college football in the U.S.

The full impact of Japan's total fascination with baseball was brought home to one American observer a couple of weeks ago when he and his wife took a cruise through Japan's beautiful Inland Sea. The ship was a luxury liner, and the cruise was the classic scenic voyage of Japan, through the famous 310-mile-long sea, past thousands of pine-studded islands rising from the salty mists like paintings on ancient Japanese scrolls. Traditionally passengers are supposed to watch the whirlpools go by, admire the white beaches and the lovely landscapes of the Inland Sea National Park, and savor the warm spring days when the apricots and azaleas and cherry trees are in bloom. And so the foreign passengers did. Most of the Japanese, however, were staring at a baseball game on the steamer's television set or avidly listening to the broadcast of the same game





advice as he experiences violent disapproval of umpire's call (above left), then, calming down, looks on philosophically at the noise he has caused

that was carried over the ship's loud-speaker system. The American asked a fellow passenger which big league teams were playing. "This isn't a big league game," the Japanese said indulgently. "This is a high school game."

**H**ow does Joe Stanka fit into this scene of national *yaku* madness, and what has made him a Japanese hero? He had never been abroad before he landed at the Osaka airport a little over two years ago, and he spoke no Japanese whatever. He had grown up in a succession of small Oklahoma towns, the son of a railroad repairman, and in his high school days there was certainly no television coverage when one Oklahoma high school baseball team played another. Joe only dabbled in baseball in those days, and when he went to Oklahoma A&M on a scholarship he played baseball a little semipro ball on the side, and though he was talented enough to come to the notice of the Dodgers' scouting system, nothing came of it then. It wasn't until two years later, in 1950, that baseball began to look like

a better way of life to Joe. There was a railroad strike, he wasn't earning any money, and a baby was on its way. So he went into minor league ball, pitching for Ponca City in the K-O-M (Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri League) for \$150 a month.

His memories are of bouncing around the country on buses and local trains, putting up at gloomy hotels, eating at greasy spoons and losing. After his deplorable start with Ponca City and his appalling record with the Duncan Utes, the Duncan team folded, the franchise was shifted to Shawnee, and Joe went to the new club in the last month of the season. There he won one and lost eight. He also delivered 10 wild pitches in his brief stay with Shawnee, walked 69 men, gave up 11 home runs and hit three batters. His earned run average wasn't exactly nine—it was 8.72—but for a long time Joe was under the discouraging impression that it was the highest in organized baseball. (A mysterious figure named Bryant of Hazard, Kentucky, in the Mountain States League, had the highest ERA that year: 14.79.)

During the winters Joe worked in an Oklahoma furniture store. In his second season he was back with Ponca City. He won 16, lost five, struck out 132 men

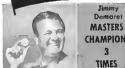
and helped his team win the pennant. At Pueblo he won seven and lost 11. With Cedar Rapids the following season he won 12, lost eight, struck out 155 batters and turned in an earned run average of 2.35, best in the league. Wally Moon, Jim Lemon, Woodie Held and Jim Gentile were among the sluggers in the league that Joe pitched in; they were sharpening their fangs on aspiring minor league pitchers. With Macon, Joe won 16 and lost five, his earned run average of 2.99 just a shade higher than that of Luis Arroyo.

Joe's performance in Macon led to a trial with Los Angeles in the Pacific Coast League. It was a disaster. Joe pitched four innings and gave up four runs, achieving once again an earned run average of nine. But at Des Moines (Class A) he won 17 and lost nine—which resulted in his being yoyoed to Sacramento in the Coast League again.

That ended his wanderings for a while, and all these intricate moves in his minor league days had a profound influence on his later experiences in Japan, where players are consciously given a sense of security by their team and made to feel that their future will be provided for in one way or another. Holdouts in Japan, for example, are paid 25% of

*continued*

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## YANK IN JAPAN *continued*

their salary for the period in which they refused to sign, a player is traded only after long discussions as to whether the trade will really be of benefit to him, and if a player is entirely washed up, the club does all it can to find him a job.

There was nothing like that in Joe's four years with Sacramento (nor would there have been on any other team in any other league in the U.S.). In his first year at Sacramento, Joe won five and lost 14, the only satisfying part of the experience being that he wasn't immediately shipped to Evansville or worse but was given another chance. In 1957 he won 10 and lost 14, the next year it was 10 and 14, and in 1959 he won 12 and lost 12. It was part of Joe Stanka's all-starred minor league fate, however, that whenever he was going strong (Sacramento was a second-division club) somebody else was going better. Rival pitchers on the Coast in those days included Ryne Duren, who struck out 183 batters the year Joe struck out 168, along with promising beginners like Ernie Broglio, Chuck Estrada, Mudcat Grant and Arroyo. Among the heavy sluggers were Tommy Davis, Lenny Green, Brooks Robinson, Rocky Colavito, Gene Freese, Gus Bell, Willy McCovey, Vada Pinson, Felipe Alou and Clay Dalrymple, to name only a few of half a hundred players who were well on their way to the majors. They arrived, blazed brightly and went on and up while Joe remained at Sacramento.

In Joe's third year there, for example, he faced a newcomer named Maury Wills, who had been learning to bat left-handed and tried out as a switch-hitter the first time Stanka faced him. Wills got two hits off Joe in that game and has been a switch-hitter (and a big leaguer) ever since.

Stanka heard about baseball in Japan in those years. When the Japanese major leagues were reorganized after the war, a Los Angeles businessman, Sumner Ha-

rada, known as Cappy, was an American officer with the Occupation Forces and an aide to General MacArthur. Cappy was a Nisei (an American of Japanese ancestry) and he helped arrange postseason visits by American teams to Japan. Harada was, of course, outside the organized apparatus of Japanese baseball, but after he returned to the States he became a useful talent scout, locating Ameri-



*Time when not playing, Joe puffs cigarette*

can players (principally Nisei in Hawaii) who became Japanese stars. On a visit to San Francisco, Harada gave a breakfast and talked to half a dozen Sacramento players, Joe among them, about the prospects of playing with Japanese teams.

Nothing came of the meeting then, for Joe was bought by the White Sox, reportedly for \$30,000, in the last month of the 1959 season, when the Sox were battling the Indians for the pennant. In Chicago the outlook seemed excellent. "They gave me a good chance," Joe says. His first major league appearance came in the second game of a doubleheader with the Tigers. He relieved in the fifth

inning, gave up one hit in the next 3½ innings, got a hit himself, batted in a run and scored a run as the Sox won 11-4. But an eighth-inning appearance a few days later was the reverse. The first man he faced was Woodie Held, the terror of the Central League in Joe's old Cedar Rapids days. Woodie smacked a pitch 450 feet into the center field seats for a homer. It was what the poetic Japanese call a *sayonara* (goodbye) home run, or *sayonara homebi*, to be exact. Cleveland won 6-5.

It was nearly *sayonara* between Joe and the White Sox after that. A training mix-up clouded the rest of his stay and had a lot to do with his decision to try Japan. He had pulled a muscle and the Sox trainer advised him not to pitch for a while. Joe says that communications failed and Manager Al Lopez didn't know about the injury, with the result that both Lopez and General Manager Hank Greenberg came to feel that Joe was ducking assignments. Joe, in turn, didn't know how they felt until he stopped by Greenberg's office to discuss money matters (the papers said he wanted \$10,000 for the next year), and Greenberg snapped at him, "You've got guts!"

Joe never pitched again for the White Sox. Ineligible to play in the World Series because he had joined the club too late in the season, he morosely watched it from the stands. Later that year in Venezuela, where he was playing winter ball, Joe took stock of his career. "My future looked like it wouldn't be much different from the last 10 years. Even if I made it in the majors it still didn't look as if I'd save any money. The majors aren't all that great unless you're awfully good. There are guys in the big leagues making less than \$10,000. I figured I could do better in Japan. I decided to call Cappy."

Cappy Harada came right back to say that there was a pitcher's job open on the Nankai Hawks, but it might go to somebody else if Joe hesitated too long. The job was for a pitcher who could be counted on to win 15 games during the season. The White Sox had asked Joe to turn up for spring training, but he hadn't signed his contract for 1960. He told Greenberg he wanted to be placed on the voluntary retired list. He didn't mention that he intended to go to Japan.

"Greenberg asked me what I had more important to do than play ball in the big league," Joe says. "He thought I was just making the usual play for more money." To clinch his voluntary retired status, Joe should have sent a letter of his intentions directly to the baseball commissioner's office. Instead, he sent it to the White Sox office for forwarding, and "that was where I made my big mistake," Greenberg had proposed to him that the White Sox hold the letter until it was clear that Joe was not going to change his mind about leaving baseball.

**B**y the time Greenberg realized that Joe wasn't merely holding out for a better contract, Joe was on his way to Japan. His letter apparently never reached the commissioner's office. The case excited quite a bit of newspaper discussion when it eventually came into the open—one veteran columnist said Joe was the most stubborn rookie in the history of baseball—and Joe had a sense of disquiet without being really worried. "I knew there would be trouble," he said.

He was met at the Osaka airport by Japanese newspapermen and Kazuo Tsuruoka, the manager of the Nankai Hawks, a grizzled old baseball warrior. "When I left Oklahoma it was snowing," Joe said, "and here it was spring." The newsmen, observing his vast frame, pink features and pleasant manners, were pleased at how completely a *yojin* he was. Soon he was tooling into town with his new manager, while Tsuruoka explained the problem. The Hawks had won the pennant the year before, but their pitching ace, Tadashi Sugura, had turned in 38 wins with only four losses, plus four sensational Series victories, and the manager doubted that he could repeat. Hence the requirement for a pitcher who could win 15.

Joe won 17 in his first season with the Hawks, while losing 12. His 2.48 earned run average was sixth in the league. But the buildup had been such that some fans were disappointed. At a loss as to how to communicate an idea of Joe's awesome size to Japanese readers, newsmen had compared him to a *mmo* champion, those portly man-mountains. Joe

continued

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## YANK IN JAPAN

was expected to perform gargantuan feats in keeping with his bulk. It was a letdown to find that he was only human on the mound, and his wildness for a time led to his being known as Beanball Yank. The sportswriters expected lots of lively copy from him, and Joe was too much of a nice guy and a workmanlike performer to produce it. The language barrier was formidable. Things were touchy when Joe lost his temper during a game and began yelling at himself. Manager Tsuruoka says diplomatically that Joe revealed his deep consideration for the team "when he told us that he was just criticizing himself for his own mistakes and not being insulting to his teammates." As for his own relations with Joe in those early days, Tsuruoka says, "At the beginning he would come and say 'Let me pitch,' but now he just awaits his orders."

The superstar Sugiura won 31 and lost 11. But the Hawks finished in second place. And at the start of his second Japanese season Joe was doing so badly that even tactician Manager Tsuruoka said publicly, "Joe's good, but he doesn't seem to be dependable." Then in the middle of the season Sugiura was sidelined with arm trouble. The Hawks blew a 10-game lead. It was at this low point that Joe began to carry a double burden, became a national celebrity and more than lived up to his publicity. The Hawks made a painful comeback, with Joe now the most important pitcher on the club. Going into a decisive five-game series at the end of the season, Joe gave the Hawks a psychological edge with a one-hitter, facing only 27 men. He then won a second game and saved a third. His record for the year was 15-11, with many of the victories bunched in the last crucial weeks, and the Hawks won the pennant.

But Stanka's wins also got him in trouble across the ocean. As the winning streak continued, rival teams in the Pacific League began to pressure the Japanese baseball commissioner to see whether Joe was really eligible to play in Japan. The White Sox protested that Joe was their property. Commissioner Ford Frick was asked to take legal action against the Japanese for enticing Joe away. He was called an outlaw, no better than

the major leaguers who jumped to Mexican baseball after the war. As for Joe, he said, "It's unconstitutional, un-American and everything else!" and went on winning Japanese ball games. He opened the Japan Series by shutting out the Yomiuri Giants of the Central League. He was winning the fourth Series game when the luck that was making him one of Japan's favorite *gaijin* ran out. In the ninth inning, with the Hawks comfortably ahead and two out, Joe got the batter to loft a simple pop fly. The first baseman dropped it. That was bad enough, but next came an incredibly bad call by the umpire on what should have been the third strike. It made Joe so furious that he ran to the plate, keeping his hands behind him and rocking the umpire with his chest while he berated him. The batter then got the game-winning hit. Rushing off the field, Joe bowled over the umpire, and the police had to charge out on the field to break up a riot of fans, players and umpires at home plate. Joe won the fifth game 6-3 but lost the sixth 3-2. So the Hawks lost the Series, and Joe was awarded a motorcycle and a citation known as the Fighting Spirit Award for his trouble. The owner of the Hawks was so grateful for Joe's performance that he sent him to a jewelry store to pick out a pearl necklace and earrings for his wife. "It was a wonderful thing to do," said Joe, "especially since the club wasn't sure I'd be back next season."

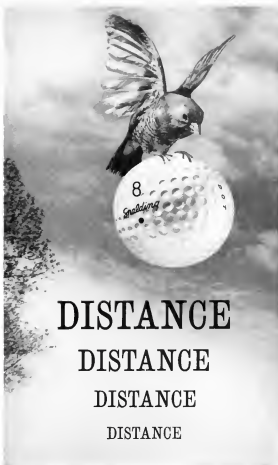
Joe obviously compares this treatment to his life during his various baseball frustrations in the U.S. He spent much of last winter straightening out his affairs with the White Sox and getting taken off the list of disqualified ballplayers. The Hawks, reluctant to admit any wrongdoing but eager to keep him, urged him to clear the air by buying his own contract from the White Sox. He bought it for \$15,000 (paying in installments), having been promised by the Hawks that the money would be made up over the coming seasons. Although the settlement put him back in good standing, he remains angry at a system which he says treats ballplayers

like slave labor and forbids a man to make a personal move to better his earnings and way of life. Like most of the American ballplayers in Japan, he prefers conditions there. "Mantle doesn't get any better treatment in the U.S. than we do here," he says. "These people are always asking us, 'Are you happy? Can we do anything for you?'"

Other Americans are basking in the same pleasant glow. Don Newcombe, currently starting a new phase of his career with the Chunichi Dragons, has an \$18,000 contract. Carl Peterson, who was once Stanka's teammate at Sacramento, is now the third baseman with the Nankai Hawks. Peterson is a solid, dependable, bespectacled veteran who generally batted around .300 in the Coast League and ran into a tough obstacle when he reached the majors. He was brought up by both the White Sox and the Orioles, but his luck was no better than Stanka's. He was insurance with the White Sox in case a newcomer who was trying out for shortstop didn't make it. The newcomer was Luis Aparicio, so Peterson went back to the minors. "I played ball for 14 years in the States," he says. "I'm treated a lot better here than I ever was there. I wish I had made the move a lot sooner."

**T**he Taiyo Whales, who won the championship in 1960, finished last year in the cellar and are currently battling for the lead in the Central League, are counting heavily on three Americans. Marcelino Agcaoili is a 22-year-old third baseman who was discovered by a Whale scout in Hawaii, where he played on an Air Force team. Alfred Greenwald is a 31-year-old left-hander from Los Angeles with 10 years of minor league experience. Jim McManus, 26, is a slow but hard-hitting first baseman, 6 feet 3 inches tall, from Chestnut Hill, Mass. He played with the Kansas City Athletics and was one of the best batters on the Hawaiian Islanders of the Coast League last year, where the Whales met him during a goodwill tour. The Whales have built a new two-bedroom bungalow in Tokyo for him and his wife and infant son, and McManus says he has no regrets

(Continued)



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## YANK IN JAPAN continued

for having bought his contract from the Athletics. "I couldn't be better treated," he said pointedly, "if I was with the New York Yankees."

Kent Hadley, the third American on the Hawks with Stanka and Peterson, was with Kansas City and the Yankees. He was one of the figures in that famous deal three years ago in which the Yankees gave up Hank Bauer, Don Larsen, Norm Siebern and Marvin Throneberry for Joe DeMaestri, Kent Hadley and an obscure outfielder named Roger Maris. Hadley, a 27-year-old 190-pounder, was then considered to be first-base insurance by the Yankees in case Bill Skowron's broken wrist didn't heal. Fanned out by the Yankees when Skowron appeared to be doing all right, Hadley went first to Richmond and had a fair season with San Diego last year.

But most of the Americans on Japanese teams are Nisei. They look Japanese and are considered Japanese by the fans. A star like Andy Miyamoto of the Giants, who won the Most Valuable Player award after the Japan Series last fall and drove off with an automobile as a reward, is a Hawaiian and blends right into the Japanese scenery. So does Wally Yonamine, three-time batting champion, who is now a playing coach with the Chunichi Dragons. Other foreigners stand out more. Roberto Barbon, a dark Cuban second baseman with the Hankyu Braves, came to Japan soon after graduating from high school in Havana. His hitting is weak but his Japanese is good, and Brave fans like his comic antics. Team-mate Larry Raines is an American Negro who was a Pacific Coast League star and had a full year in the major leagues with the Cleveland Indians. Mark Brownstein of the Hanshin Tigers is the son of a businessman engaged in trade with Japan. Brownstein was a star pitcher with the University of Southern California and accepted an offer from the Tigers because he "hoped to learn more about Japan."

Players like these are acutely conscious of their extra-baseball responsibilities. As an extremely small and very conspicuous minority that could hardly be more in the public eye, they conduct themselves well. "I feel we can do 100% good for America or 100% bad," Joe Stanka

has said. "We're in the spotlight." The ambassadorial role sometimes comes hard to veterans accustomed to the blistering language of minor league diamonds. But it is aided by the innate good sportsmanship and friendliness of the Japanese stars. Shigeru Chiba, a former manager, says, "When I had a foreign player on my team, a guy who came from the other side of the world, I wanted to talk to him. When he struck out, I wanted to say some words to comfort him, but I couldn't, and this distressed me." When Stanka is besieged by autograph seekers they do not request his signature on a program. They hand him a card, about 10 inches square, usually used for writing Japanese *waka* poems.

**A**ll this is a long way from wading through the grass in semidarkness to another defeat with the Duncan Uits. Joe now makes about \$20,000 a year; he doesn't want to say precisely how much. "It's enough, anyway, so that I don't have to worry about finding a winter job. I probably earn as much or more than most major leaguers." By Japanese standards his salary isn't tops, for bonuses of \$50,000 or more were paid for boys just out of high school. The owners have set a limit of \$28,000 on bonuses, but it is largely ignored. Endorsements and personal appearances are lucrative extras for superstars. The clubs also shell out huge sums just to hang on to their top players who, under a humanitarian rule unique in Japan, become free agents after 10 years with the same team. One player whose salary was \$25,200 earned another \$78,400 as a stay-on bonus, making his year's earnings \$103,600.

It is now conventional for Americans, including players on visiting American teams, to rate Japanese players as the equivalent of good Double-A or Triple-A talent in the U.S. The Japanese lack the power for the heavy-hitting game that has been dominant in the U.S. since Babe Ruth, but their fielding is skilful and their pitching is good. The general level of ability in a Japanese big league team is far below its American counterpart; the players range from stars who could make it in the American majors to raw boys

*continued*

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## YANK IN JAPAN continued

out of high school. Dependence on the stars results in the almost un-Japanese cult of personality, with concentration on individual heroics rather than team victory. Pitchers are overworked. There are 20-, 30- and 40-game winners, and there are pitchers who are burned up fast. Japanese players are weak on fundamentals, simple strategy and willingness to go all-out in seemingly hopeless situations. Mistakes are rarely criticized. "A guy who gets a hit and then gets picked off will come back to the dugout and everybody congratulates him on the hit," says Stanka. "They don't like to be criticized."

What the Japanese feel they are learning from Americans like Stanka may be even more revealing. A Japanese authority, after pondering for a long time, said, "They hustle and never give up." Manager Tsuruoka of the Hawks said Joe astonished the Japanese by the way he ran out grounders and covered first base. The manager of the Buffaloes believes that Japan is decides behind the U.S. in baseball because Americans play a wide-awake game, alert for every opportunity, and are constantly developing new techniques. But for sheer, frenzied enthusiasm about baseball, Japan has zoomed past the U.S. already. It is attracting the kind of rugged youth who used to be drawn into military service in the old days of Japanese militarism. "In a sense, baseball has replaced the army and navy," says Kazuo Tsuruoka. Baseball is played with complete seriousness: Tsuruoka recently resigned as manager of the Hawks when they landed in the cellar.

In fact, everything about Japanese baseball is as amazing to the oldest student of Japan as it was a few years ago to Casey Stengel and is now to Joe Stanka. When feudal Japan was first opened to the world there were idealistic spirits who hoped to give the nation the finest creations of Western culture, but what the Japanese have chosen for themselves, en masse, is a ball game that missionaries and teachers used to play in their spare time. There may be some sociological significance in that, or it may be merely another demonstration of the old truth that a pleasant aspect of the American character emerges when Americans like Joe Stanka play baseball. **END**



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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Heavy-footed Pudge Browne, better known for his mirth and girth than for his three-base hits, hit a triple to help **Houston** to a ninth-inning win. "Did you hear what Doc [Trainer Jim Ewell] said when you came around second?" asked Billy Goodman. "He thought it was somebody rolling the infield." There was also some fine pitching by Ken Johnson, Bob Bruce, Jim Golden and Dick Farrell, who, in consecutive complete games, gave up just 19 hits and five runs. Opposing players complained about Houston's excessive heat (Stan Williams of the Dodgers lost 15 pounds in one game) and mosquitoes, which are becoming infamous around the league. Unencumbered by mosquitoes, **Pittsburgh's** robust batters (.289 BA) swatted long flies for homers. Roberto Clemente batted .484 as the Pirates won seven of eight. Dick Stuart hit a short fly but got a home run out of it. The ball rolled under the bench in the Cubs' bullpen and by the time it was found Stuart was home with a 225-foot inside-the-park homer. Few **New York** players hit the ball even that far or had such good fortune. Jay Hook had one particularly bad day in Houston. "My cousin invited me out to lunch and the round-trip cab fare was \$13," said a shaken Hook. That night he gave up six runs in the first inning. **Cincinnati** also paid dearly and could, in part, trace its fall from third to fifth to 10 errors. One mistake by the Reds proved more costly than costly. Jim Davenport of the Giants hit a long fly to left, but as he rounded first he was sure it would be caught so he headed for the dugout and did not see Jerry Lynch drop the ball. Davenport then scurried across the mound and slid into second only to be beaten by the relay. **Chicago** continued to excel in wild pitches (four). Dick Ellsworth made two, giving him 40. (The record is 30.) In all, Cub pitchers have heaved 37 wild pitches. (The record is 70.) Ernie Banks hit three homers and Dave Gerard and Don Elston were standouts in relief, but the Cubs were still 20½ games out of first place. Although all on top, **Los Angeles** (see page 26) stumbled. The Dodgers batted .216, just .172 in the final five games, and lost four of seven. St. Louis players used their bats well, hitting .285 and winning five of six before being shut out by Juan Marichal of the Giants. During a 10-game home stand Rookie Fred Whitfield and Bill White alternated at first base and drove in 21 runs.

Not all went well for the Cardinals, however. In his first at bat in the majors Hal Maxwell popped up on a bunt attempt. He compounded his embarrassment by driving home after the game and leaving his wife stranded at the park. **San Francisco** players were a trifle chagrined when they came home to their wives after losing seven of nine road games. They began the week leading the majors in hitting with a .286 BA, but in losing five of eight they hit only .237. With more batting support, Warren Spahn of **Milwaukee** might have had an 11-2 record. Instead, after losing his fifth one-run game, he was 6-7. Hank Aaron (.414 BA, three HRs and 10 RBIs) had his best week, and so did Lou Burdette, who won twice. Roy Sievers of **Philadelphia** also hit his peak with a .364 BA. And he had a grand-slam homer as the Phillies set a league season high by scoring 10 runs in one inning. In all, the Phillies won four of seven.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Against eight teams in the league Jerry Knudall of **Cleveland** had just 34 hits and a .221 BA. In 11 games against the Yankees, however, Knudall had 18 hits and a .450 BA, and was never more destructive than last week when he got seven for eight and thereby moved the Indians into first place. **Minnesota's** Twins have no Knudall but they do have Manager Sam Mele, whose given name is Sabath, and they were again at their best on Sunday when they won two from the White Sox. (Overall, their Sunday record



**HARD-HITTING SECOND BASEMEN** were Joey Amalfitano of Cal. 43s (.333 BA), Billy Moran of Angels (.438 and nine run batted in).

was 11-2.) During the remainder of the week they won two, lost three. Rich Rollins' .435 hitting and Jim Kaat's two wins were the biggest assets. No one hit .435 for **New York**, and the Yankees had trouble from Sunday through Saturday, winning just once (their worst week since mid-May 1961). **Washington** had its best week, five wins in eight tries. In one four-game span Don Rudolph retired 30 consecutive batters before giving up a walk. Few pitchers had trouble retiring **Detroit** hitters. The Tigers batted only .215 and lost five times. Dean Chance and Bo Belinsky of **Los Angeles** each paid \$250 fines for an after-hours nicker, and the team's usually dependable relievers lost four straight after the Angels had moved to within 1½ games of the lead. Some 3,500 women showed up for a combination baseball-fashion show, drank 300 gallons of coffee and ate 12,000 doughnuts. One woman in **Houston** did not fare as well after she expressed her belief to another fan that Stan Musial was better than Ted Williams. "And then this man dumps a whole bucket of beer over my head," she later explained. On the eve of the trading deadline Dick Radatz walked to his locker and was shocked to see his belongings packed and marked for shipment to the Kansas City Athletics. After a few anxious moments his teammates admitted it was all a gag. **Chicago** Manager Al Lopez did not think things were so funny. Hotel reservations in Minneapolis were fouled up, the bus driver got lost in Kansas City and the White Sox lost five of seven. Chuck Estrada of **Baltimore** also had cause to fret: in each of his past four starts the Orioles had been shut out. Catcher Charlie Lau was shaking his head, too, after Carroll Hardy of the Red Sox struck out and wound up on third. It all happened when Hoyt Wilhelm started throwing knuckleballs. Hardy struck out on one of them, but the ball got by Lau, and the Red Sox outfielder made it safely to first. He advanced to second and then third on two more passed balls. Things were looking up for Robin Roberts, though. After 53 weeks without a victory, Roberts picked up two. **Kansas City** lost twice, then won five in a row. Ed Charles hit four homers and batted .379.

END

## TEAM LEADERS

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Wts	TD	BB
Cle. Francona	31	Francona	197
Hou. Rollins	45	Rollins	125
NY Rich. Kaat	17	Watts	59
LA. Moran	22	Wheeler	132
Cal. B. Roberts	20	B. Roberts	120
Chi. Robinson	24	Robinson	120
Det. B. Lister	20	Colville	104
KC. Seibert	22	Seibert	110
Wash. Belts	25	Yastrzemski	123
Wich. Johnson	40	Johnson	27

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

LA. T. Davis	46	T. Davis	128
St. Cozzetta	43	Mays	162
Pitt. Grant	43	Wardle	106
SFL. Flood	41	Flood	112
Chi. Robinson	23	Robinson	123
Wd. H. Aaron	25	H. Aaron	126
Wash. Mays	22	Mays	129
Phil. Taylor	20	Calouse	127
Chi. Williams	45	Williams	144
NY. Thomas	67	Thomas	123

Based on statistics through September 26, 1961



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The rear wheels are individually suspended, to adjust to the shape of the road.

(Most European racers have this, but few passenger cars.)

Take the opposite: the rigid rear axle. What if your car hits a rut hole?

Clunk.

Seasoned drivers wait for this thump.

In a Volkswagen, it never comes.

"I've been tooling around in my Volks for 3 years," says one commuter, "and I'm still surprised when the jolt doesn't come."

Volkswagens also have torsion bar suspension on all four wheels. (Not many passenger cars have this, either.)

Ordinary springs can "hit bottom." VW torsion springs twist. The more they twist, the more spring they develop. This cradles the car. You get a sure-footed ride over rough terrain.

Crooked wheels?

That's what keeps the Volkswagen on the level.



# TEE-

## RIFIC!

Distance dynamite. That's the durable DX Tourney. It goes fast and it goes far. It's the ball only golf professionals sell because they sell only the best. Try it.



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**SHERATON HOTELS** coast to coast in the U.S.A., in Hawaii, in Canada, and overseas.

## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS

### FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS

Sir:

Congratulations on the full-page shot of Oakmont's 5th hole in your U.S. Open preview (June 11).

I have framed it.

WILLIAM HEPTIG

New York City

Sir:

Your cover on the Oakmont Ogre must have given nightmares to most of the golfers of the country. Even the footprints in the sand make you shudder (see right).

The player entering at the lower left apparently has already shot but blithely walks across to the far side to get out. The one from the center bottom angles to his ball and then meanders across future lines of flight to the exit most convenient to the green. The other unfortunate entering at the bottom did not take the shortest way out, but at least he left a few less tracks.

Joe Duffer, who entered at the right, close to his ball, took too much sand, walked straight to his second chance and then out the nearest way. The magician who hit from the center apparently got out at the first scalable level, but how did he get in? If he landed by helicopter why didn't he leave the same way?

How many following players who joined these clowns at the 19th hole later cursed their luck at having had to play a bad lie left by walkers who had added to the nightmare?

GLENN GULLERY

New York City

### MORE BRUSHES WITH PEPSODENT

Sir:

I should have liked to forget the Paul Dietzel affair altogether, but I realized that sooner or later truth would out (*Pepsodent Paul at the Point*, May 28, 19th Hole, June 11, 18). As a member of the Board of Supervisors (Regents) of Louisiana State University for the past 22 years, I want now to dispel once and for all the idea that we wanted to keep Dietzel as a coach at LSU. As an object lesson, I was in favor of paying him off for the remainder of his contract and not allowing him to come on the field. I was opposed to retaining him under any circumstances.

What I objected to was the cavalier manner in which he and West Point treated LSU. His untruths and half-truths are showing up, and I predict that West Point will find that expediency, in an all-out effort to beat



Navy, is a rather poor policy. Nobody "trapped" Dietzel into making his famous statement about never leaving LSU. He admitted that he was in touch with West Point even before he made this statement.

Mr. Dietzel's recent brush with two very fine coaches, Messrs. Marvin Bass and Frank Howard, over causing some young men to jump their letters of intent, shows that the great Paul has little regard for the sanctity of agreement or the influence such action would have on the boy himself. He says he acted within the law, but that is beside the point. His published statement that athletics at the Point are supported by gate receipts I believe an investigation will prove to be untrue. It is absolutely true at LSU. Furthermore, I believe there is a fine group of officers at the Point who want to win, but who do not approve of winning at any price. I believe that Dietzel will collide head-on with this group sooner or later. More power to them!

TOM W. DUTTON

New Orleans

Sir:

I was disturbed by your article concerning Paul Dietzel and Army football because it again brought to light the emphasis put on football at West Point, which is a government-supported school whose primary purpose is to train officers.

What has prompted this letter are charges made by Marvin Bass of South Carolina and Frank Howard of Clemson of unfair recruiting tactics employed by Dietzel in South Carolina. You can be sure that he was not looking for candidates for OCS.



# TAKE OVER

Army officials must temper the extreme emphasis now put on football

DAVID M. FIFTEEN

Drexel Hill, Pa.

## BIG BAD BO

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED certainly deserves the Orion of the Year award for that garbage recently printed about Bo Belinsky (SPORTSMAN, June 11). As if most teenagers aren't difficult enough now, you idiots have to give accolades to a big-mouthed child who never grew up. He acts like a burster, and time will prove that he is

ARTHUR R. A. KAPLOW

East Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

I agree with you. Bo Belinsky is a refreshing individual who isn't afraid of doing what he wants and saying what he thinks.

CARROLL H. COOK

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Your condescending slap at *The Sporting News* for its criticism of Bo Belinsky indicates a total lack of understanding on your part of what makes baseball so popular with the fans. Believe it or not, there are still many people in this fine land who believe in the glamour and tradition of major league baseball. These are the fans who make baseball the big commercial money-maker that it continues to be. So you must see that Belinsky has an obligation to the sport and to its fans to uphold the traditions of a game which can bring him untold rewards that he might realize nowhere else.

ABRAHAM M. FRIEDLAND

New York City

Sirs:

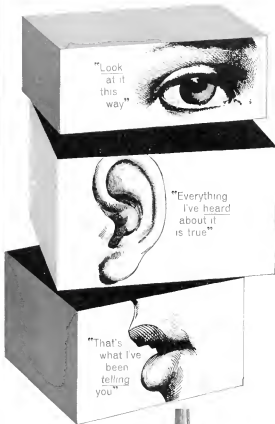
It seems to me that those "good gray editorial writers" of *The Sporting News* are more qualified and more efficient at reporting facts than the fans want to read than your complete unknowns who probably lack gray hair.

Colorful ballplayers, in my estimation, are those who have perfected themselves in every phase of the game and can hit, field and run spectacularly. So where does Bo Belinsky fit in? He's a rookie with six victories out of eight decisions, admittedly an enviable record, but how about waiting until the end of the season before you go overboard on him?

CRAIG C. GARNER

Media, Pa.

(Continued)



# HAIG & HAIG



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At last... a golf ball with the white laced on! Thanks to new Royaloc Finish, the Royal Special L/P defies stains, scuffs... keeps dazzling for rounds and rounds. Ken Venturi says no other golf ball stays white so long. Look for the ball marked "L.P." sold only at professionals' shops.

\*RPGA Staff



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#### 15TH HOLE (continued)

Sirs,

**HITBALL for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!** It is about time someone took a stand for the few colorful players still in baseball. Billy Martin has shown himself to be a fine hurler, as well as a personality.

ALLEN POTTER

Arcadia, Calif.

#### TWO FOR TWO

Sirs:

Now I've seen everything. At this writing, the Minnesota Twins happen to be on top of the American League, but your obstinately eastern baseball writer, Herman Werskoff, devoted exactly two lines to Minnesota (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, June 11).

AL FOSTER

Duluth, Minn.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the thorough, literate coverage you gave to the return to New York of the Los Angeles (now Brooklyn) Dodgers and the San Francisco (now New York) Giants three weeks ago. Whereas many lesser magazines would have sent a covey of reporters and photographers to the Polo Grounds to cover the excitement, the color, the "World Series" atmosphere, even, perhaps, the baseball, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* wisely devoted only two lines to the event. I suggest a special prize for your editorial staff: a supply of subway tokens and directions on how to reach the Polo Grounds.

PERRI A. LEINWEBER

The Bronx, N.Y.

#### ON ACIDOSIS

Sirs,

Mr. Ward Rosen says in your 19th Hot (June 11) that he wants to regurgitate when he sees pictures of boxes on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. His chief beef is that heavyweight title fights are not featured into his home free of charge.

Mr. Rosen may be interested to know I for one want to regurgitate when I read complaints like his. This viewpoint is one reason home-front spectator sports like high school football and basketball in some areas, and minor league baseball in general, are fading from the sports scene.

I, like Mr. Rosen, cannot afford to pay \$100 to see Floyd Patterson box in the flesh. But I can tune to the nearest theater carrying the television and get a big kick out of watching for \$3 or thereabouts.

And as for all that money the fighters are making—well, when *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* publishes those beautiful pictorial layouts of lavish hunting estates, millionaire sportsmen sailing their yachts, etc.—I feel a touch of envy but certainly no desire whatever to regurgitate.

FRANK HYDI

Jamestown, N.Y.

**Puff-Away**

**Foot Odor**

guard against  
**ATHLETE'S FOOT**  
with new  
medicated  
**ATHA-POWDER**



Atha-Powder is the play-long foot deodorant you've always wanted! It dries, cools, soothes, hives feet, without stink or pain, leaves a pleasant odor... and it combats recurrence of Athlete's Foot. Spill-proof container puffs powder just where wanted on shoes, hose, or on feet... easily, economically. Use effective, exclusive formula Atha-Powder all year 'round... at home, away, at work or at play! At drugstores only, 99¢.



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PUERTO  
RICO**

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**21 GREAT TOBACCOS make 20 WONDERFUL SMOKES**

